The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, - - EDITOR

Some one hearing anoise in the court house, a few nights ago, declared it was Hende son spookin round. A mistake —Henderson isn't dead yet, mules do not die young.

Cameron was re elected to the United States Senate by a large vote. It would seem that the appeal of the grange leader to that order to support Taggart did not have any weight at all.

Jury commissioners and notaries public are useless officers and should be dispensed with. The county commissioners should do the work of the jury commissioners and justices of the peace should be empowered to perform the duties of a notary.

Sheriff Cook is still out catching the escaped murderer Wilson—he gets Wilson about as often as Charley Ross has been found. Let Cook wait until the trout season opens maybe he can catch him with a worm, and in the mean time let him slide up and down the electric light pole just to show how Wilson did it.

Ex-sheriff Cook is running all over the state catching the escaped murderer Wilson. The county would have been saved a big sum of expenses if Cook and Henderson had heeded the recommendations of grand juries and the Court and removed from about the jail yard the means of escape.—But thus it will ever be when mules and asses are puffed up with a little authority.

Pennsylvania now has a Democratic governor, one who will not be the pet of corporations and monopolists, but will be true to the interests of the masses Gov. Pattison needs no platform or inaugural of promises, four years as governor of the commonwealth tell who, and what he is. It is a source of gratification to the people in general that the state for the next four years will have a true and trusted head.

The Philadelphia *Press* appealed to the people in behalf of the Force bill and the McKinley bill. The *Press* was beaten in every field and fence corner from Maine to the Gulf.

Then the *Press* appealed to the Republican state legislature to defeat Cameron because he does not believe in the Force bill. The *Press* was again beaten and the man Taggert only got 7 votes.

We think it is about time the *Press* get in out of the rain.

Europe has experienced as rigorous a winter as we have on this side of the Atlantic. Severe storms are reported to be raging in the North Sea. Advices from Berlin are to the effect that the Elbe is full of immense ice floes, and that navigation in the river is still rendered very dangerous by the huge mass of floating ice. The force with which the floes strike vessels whith which they come in contact is enormous and already the hulls of several ships have been crushed in. Eighteen shipwrecked sailors whose vessels had been lost in this way have been landed at Heligoland.

Violent snowstorms are again prevailing throughout Austria Hungary and it is feared that the suffering which was experienced in the previous storms will be renewed. A perfect blizzard raged in the city of Vienna. The railroad lines are blocked by snow, and the traffic is greatly interrupted in consequence.

Congressman-elect "Lou" Stewart, of Illinois, is a typical granger with a grizzly appearance and a manner that is only found among certain ruralists in Illinois. In that state he is considered a great character, and this reputation, now that he is elected to congress, will certainly extend over the entire Union. Stewart lives in a little town a short distance from Aurora, and on his valuable farm is situated a magnificent grove where camp meeting are held. In the little town of Plano, which adjoins his farm, Mr. Stewart is beloved by the children as is George Francis Train by the little ones of Madison Square, New York. Whenever there is a circus anywhere near this little town Mr. Stewart charers a special train and takes all his young friends to the circus at his expense.

When Mr. Stewart was nominated or rather selected by the committee for candidate for congress last, he said that he would not run for this position, nor would he announced himself as a candidate. He also refused to contribute one dollar for campaign expenses, and in addition he refused to have any tickets printed bearing his name. He said that if the people wanted him they could scratch the other man's names off ticket and write his in. Although it was not though he could be elected, the result showed that he was correct in his conclusion, for he received a handsome majority.

His Cry Unheeded.

Our Granger brother, Leonard, has had high sailing of late, and the sought for honors—deserved too—beats the record. He asked for the Senatorship, and his merit did not get a single voice in recognition. He asked to be Pattison's Secretary of the Commonwealth, but the governor having been blind to real worth cruelly overlooked brother Leonard, who then came down a step to get within Pattison's sight and asked to be appointed Deputy Secretary, but the governor had the wrong glasses on and couldn't see it.

What a pity!

Then comes the *Farmer's Friend*, and fittingly proposes brother Leonard for United States Senator, for Governor, also for the next President—if the *Farmer's Friend* is joking then the doubting Thomas should no longer be tolerated in the Grange.

Now in all seriousness, we wish to put a hand in here and propose a ticket for 1892, viz:

For President:—P. T. Rynder. Platform: My 8x10 Greenback side show to the highest bidder.

For Vice President:—L. Rhone. Platform: An office, an office! "My Grange" for an office

We know of two votes already sure for this ticket.

In the meantime we would advise brother Leonard to hurry home—they are actually holding agricultural meetings in the county without asking his permission, and this is impudence unbounded! A bill should be passed and an address gotten out cautioning against such gatherings.

The people must be mighty hard o' hearin' if they can't hear these loud pleadings for an office, when a fellow is not choicy either and will take anything from Deputy Sec'y of the Commonwealth down to President. "The people be damned," said Vanderbilt.

Chauncy Black Honored.

The Democratic members of the senate and house held a caucus on Monday evening, in the supreme court room at Harrisburg, and nominated ex-Lieutenant-governor Chauncy F. Black for United States senator. All along the contest for the honor had been between Mr. Black and Senator George Ross of Bucks It had been a good natured fight. There were no factional lines drawn and no bad feeling has been roused by the selection. Representative Ritter, of Lycoming was chosen chairman of the caucus, and the secretaries were Senator Meek and Representatives Lesh and Sands. Senator Ross was named by Representative Donoghue, of Philadelphia, while Senator Brown, of York, presented Mr. Black's name to the caucus. A secret ballot was taken, Mr. Black receiving 61 votes and Senator Ross 29. Mr. Black's election was then made unanimous. Just before the caucus adjourned representative Fow, of Philadelphia, offered the following resolution which was adopted:

"WHEREAS, The late elections throughout the nation and the results flowing from the same must be accepted as an indication that the people are determined to exact from their representatives in congress, a strict account of the trust confided in them,

And whereas, It is proper thet we as representatives of the democracy of the Keystone state should place ourselves upon record as being opposed to partisan legislation. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we call upon the congress of this nation to drop partisan measures that are inimical to the whole people and pass laws that are really needed to foster the impoverished business interests of the country."

Special Announcement.

We have made arrangements with Dr B J. Kendall Co., publishers of "A Treaties on the Horse and his Disease,' which will enable all our subscribers to obtain a copy of that valuable work *free* by sending their address (enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to DR. B J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURGH FALLS, VT This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four million copies having been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise.' This offer will remain open for only a short time.

Cameron Elected.

The vote for United States senator on Tuesday afternoon was:

House—Cameron 113, Black 77, Taggart 7. Theodore Flood 4, Judge White 1.

Senate, Cameron, 31; Black, 15; J. C. Tibley, 1, three Democrats not voting.

A joint convention will meet on Wednesday to confirm the action of the two branches.

Indians Come In.

Dispatches were received by General Schofield from General Miles announcing the end of the Indian troubles in the West. General Miles says: "The entire camp of Indians came into the agency this morning. They moved in three colomns while passing under the guns of the command."

General Miles thinks it fair to estimate their number at not les than 4,000 people. He says he has directed the chiefs to have the different bands gather up their arms and turn them in, which they are now doing.

He continues: "Kicking Bear, supposed to be the leader, was the first to surrender his rifle, this morning, and others of the same character will follow his example. Of course, many of the young men may hold back and may 'cache' their arms, but I believe the disarming will be complete.

"Both officers and men have exercised and maintained the most commendable discipline, patience and fortitude. All are gratified with the result. It will require some time to get the Indians under full control, but everything is moving in a satisfactory, quiet manner. The troops under General Brooke have moved forward and are now in three strong commands with the Indians upwards of seven thousand in the centre, the whole within the radius of ten miles.

In reply to the telegram sent to General Miles concerning the time of the departure of the Indian delegation for Washington, General Miles says: "There is no necessity of haste. I do not intend to send the delegation until this matter is entirely settled here, and Indians do as I have directed, which directions they are now complying with in every respect. This Indian war I now consider at an end in the most satisfactory manner. A more complete submission to the military power has never been made by any Indians. The report that any have escaped is simply not true."

Our County Bankrupt.

Our good old county, after three years under Henderson-Jim-Fiedler control, is bankrupt!

Henderson left the commissioners office and went to Port Matilda:

Now where did the funds go to? ask Henderson.

Treasurer Gramley does not find a penny in the county treasury to pay orders with!

Henderson is at Port Matilda—but where are the county funds?

The corrupt *Gazette* claimed the late officials were good housekeepers,

The condition of the county treasury now reveals that they were good money spenders—they have bankrupted the county, and the new Democratic treasurer, Mr. Gramley, does not find cash enough on hand to pay for a pin.

Greist and Wolf went out of office leaving a surplus. Henderson & Co. go out with not enough money to buy him a plate of soup at Andersons, and what is worse yet, the county has been run in debt!

Grand outlook for our tax-paying farmers; splendid housekeeping by the detestable gang of spoilsmen!

If John Decker, had not, at the last moment, put his foot on the discreditable $400 printing job for Fiedler with the collusion of Henderson, there would be $400 more in the soup, and the blank steal would have left a still greater blank in the treasury.

The house went through a stormy scene Tuesday. Mr. Mills, of Texas, charged the speaker with intentionally practicing a fraud upon the house in refusing to recognize him to debate the approval of the journal, and intimated that McKinley was not a man of honor. These sentiments met with denunciations and hisses from the Republicans, and for a time the house was in an uproar. Throughout the scene the speaker was calm, but the services of the sergeant at-arms had to be called for to quell the tumult, which at one time threatened to culminate in personal violence.

— Dr. Gast, the eye specialist, will be in Centre Hall on Monday and Tuesday next, Jan. 26 and 27.

——It will not be regretted if you buy your clothing from Lewins, at the Philad. Branch. He guarantees his entire stock.

——Lewins makes suits to order, parties can select their own goods from samples. Satisfaction guaranteed in all respects, and at prices 25 per cent lower than elsewhere:

——A good warm boot or shoe is needed by all during this winter weather. A. C. Mingle, Bellefonte, keeps a complete stock and at low prices. Gum boots, shoes, etc., a speciality.

——Have you been to A. C. Mingle's shoe store in the Brockerhoff house block? Never miss going there when at Bellefonte, he always has something new and offers none but genuine goods which he warrants. For low prices in boots and shoes Mingle's is the place:

More About Those Blanks.

From The Centre Democrat.

Last week we gave our readers an account of the attempt of Jim Fiedler to work the county treasury for a $400 bill of printing. In the next issue this fellow comes out in his paper and denies the whole charge. This supplement suppresser is as slippery and slimy as an eel and can wiggle out of any hole if you give him a chance. He denies that Henderson authorized him to furnish the county with stationary; part was printed in the *Gazette* office and the balance by Frank Hutter's book bindery Harrisburg, for Fiedler. The work done at home was finally accepted, for certain reasons, but the balance was not, which amounted to over $400 on which there was a percentage of about $85 clear money for Feidler and Henderson and that is the reason Decker refused to accept the work. The supplement suppresser dodges the charge by speaking only of the $80 of work done at home and forgets to mention the Hutter blanks ordered by them.

JOHNNY DECKER WRITES.

On Monday we received a letter from ex-commissioner Decker, which explains the whole affair:

CENTRE HALL, Jan. 12th, 1891.

MR. KURTZ:

Dear Sir—I am ever so much obliged to you. I did not read your paper of last week but others told me what you had in it—*it is all truth*. Let them have all that there is in the case. Henderson did do his utmost best to get me to sign that 400 dollar bill; but I did not sign any, except the $82 dollar bill, as I did not want to stick Mr. Cassidy and C. P. Hewes. If they got anything else in they obtained it by fraud—that is Strohm and Henderson. Strohm and (Jim) Feidler were at that work.

Send me your paper—I can't take Feidler's (the *Gazette*) any longer.

I will see you when I come over.

Yours,

JOHN D. DECKER.

Now let Jim Feidler deny that he was in cahoot with Henderson to work a job on the taxpayers of the county. Decker letter mentions it and denounces it as "a fraud." The package of stationery has been in the express office at this place the past few weeks and the commissioners will not accept it. They don't want to have any dealings with men like James Feidler whom you must continually hold at arms length for fear of him lifting everthing moveable. He failed to work the steal under the Republican board. He has the stock on hand and is anxious to dispose of it. When the new board organized, he tried the following plan.

On Saturday night Jan. 3, about 10 p. m. the following conversation occurred between, Feidler and Strohm over the wire. The new board was to be organized the following Monday.

BY TELEPHONE

Hello—"Is that you Strohm?"

Ans.—"Yes."

"Are you alone in the office?"

Ans.—"Yes."

"I want you to get hold of that South-side man (Com-elect Goodhart) early on Monday morning when he arrives; see that you are sworn into office early; enter *that contract* on the minutes; when 'that south-side man" comes up you see that he is sworn in. You two will be a majority, without waiting on Adams; then you can pass that bill. You can do it without Admas. Jim. will you attend to it?"

Strohm appeared surprised and tried to explain that he "could not speak for Mr Goodhart."

Feidler answered—"Jim. you stay there and I will be up to see you."

This is the substance of the conversation as near as can be related and gives the facts. Now if there was no job why did he attempt such a game, his own words over the telephone that night convict him of the charge yet like a crouching cur he answers only by a denial. He can't work the man from "the South side" because he is too good a Democrat to pull for the *Gazette*. Frank Adams has no favors to extend in that direction and his bill wont pass them.

As the commissioners will only deal with an honest man, Feidler has appointed Mr. Hutter to act for him. Hutter now claims that he had the contract for the printing for county, instead of Feidler, but the minutes in the coms. office have no record of such dealings with either. Hutter presented a bill for the same but no goods were received from him. Feidler is trying to help Hutter, and Hutter wants the bill pass to help Feidler out as he has good reasons to be afraid of Feidler ever paying him. Hutter. Monday and Tuesday was spent by Mr. Hutter running to and fro at the coms. office and the bill has not passed at this writing.

Some Startling Facts.

The official returns from Boards of Health show that nearly three-fourths of all deaths are from Consumption. When we think over this fact it is really awful, though every case started with a simple Cough or Cold. Realize how important it is to check this terrible malady which can be done by using Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

——Boots and shoes below actual cost at Musser's shoe store, Bellefonte. Get a bargain before it is too late.

——Give Lewins, Bellefonte, your order for a suit. He has one of the most experienced cutters to be had. A fit is guaranteed.

Pattison Inaugurated.

The inauguration on Tuesday, of Hon. Robert E. Pattison, as governor of Pennsylvania, was a striking contrast to that of eight years ago, when he was first inducted into the office which he now holds for the second time. Then he was imbued with that spirit of Jeffersonian simplicity which characterized the ceremonies on that occasion, but he has since learned more of practical politics, and Tuesday he vied with his party associates and the legislative committee in making the event a notable one for its pomp and splendor.

The sky was filled with heavy black clouds, giving promise of an approaching storm, and the air was cold and damp. The city was gaily decorated with bunting and the national colors, in honor of the occasion, and the streets were thronged with visitors from every town and hamlet in the state. Delegations began arriving early Monday evening, and every incoming train from then until noon Tuesday was packed with clubs and visitors. The Central Democratic club, of Scranton, and the Pattison club, of Danville, were escorted to the quarters at the Bolton house by the Central Democratic club, of Harrisburg. Several hours later the delegations began to pour in, and from that time until the commencement of the inauguration ceremonies the streets were filled with marching clubs and visitors.

Governor Beaver, Governor-elect Pattison, Lieutenant Governor-elect Watres and the joint committee of the senate and house and other invited guests assembled at the executive mansion at 11 o'clock, and a half hour later proceeded to the southwest front of the capitol, under the following escorts:

Chief marshal and aids to chief marshal; Ringgold band, of Reading; the Eighth regiment, National Guard of Pennsylvania, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Hoffman, and the governor's troop of Harrisburg, Lieutenant F. M. Ott commanding, the latter acting as guard of honor. Following in carriages came Governor Beaver, Governor-elect Pattison, Chief Justice E. M. Paxson, Hon. Henry D. Green, chairman of the inaugural committee, Lieutenant Governor-elect Davies, Lieutenant Governor-elect Watres, Secretary of Internal Affairs Stewart, Hon. William F. Leeds, secretary of the inaugural committee, Hon Jas. P. Sterret, Hon. Henry Green, justices of the supreme court; Hon. Samuel M. Wherry, Hon. Brewster McCullom, Hon. James T. Mitchell, Rev. Dr. S. C. Swallow, Hon. George Handy Smith, joint committee of the senate and house of representatives; President of the Senate Penrose and Speaker of the House of Representatives Thompson; heads of departments; William F. Harrity, Wm U. Hensel, Captain Wm. McClelland and Humphery D. Tate, staff of the commander-in-chief, judge of the court of common pleas, Mayor Fritchie, of Harrisburg, President Denehery, of common council, and President Hershey, of select council, Major General George R. Snowden and staff, Brigadier General J. P. S. Gobin and staff, Brigadier General Robt. P. Dechert and staff, Brigadier John A. Wiley and staff. All of the military men were in full uniform.

It was 11.50 when the party arrived at the capitol. The crowd in front of the main corrider was immense. The Governor's troop filed up in front of the gaily bedecked stand and the governor was given a rousing cheer as he was drawn through the dense crowd by four spanking horses. The Ringgold band, of Reading, was stationed to the north of the main corrider and formally opened the ceromonies by rendering a beautiful selection.

When Governor-elect Pattison took his place on the stand some one in the crowd cried: "Turn on the light," and in an instant a deafening cheer went up from more than a thousand throats.

Rev. S. C. Swallaw, pastor of the Ridge Avenue church, of Harrisburg, was then introduced by Lieutenant Governor Davies, who presided during the ceremonies Rev. Dr. Swallow offered prayer, after which Chief Clerk of the Senate Smiley read the certificate of election. Chief Justice Paxson then stepped forward and in clear tones administered the oath of office, after which Lieutenant Governor Davies proclaimed Robert Emory Pattison governor of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

After a salute of guns had been fired in honor of the new governor, he began the delivery of his inaugural address. He wore a neat suit of black cloth, and dark blue overcoat buttoned close up to his throat. He spoke in loud tones and very distinct. His address was frequently interrupted by loud cheers.

At the conclusion of the address the governor and his party repaired to the senate chamber, where the oath of office was administered to Lieutenant Governor-elect Watres and Secretary of Internal Affairs Stewart.

Promptly upon the sounding of the signal guns the inaugural parade moved under Chief Marshal Awl and a large staff of aids. The parade contained five divisions, the military consisting of the governor's troop and the Eighth regiment; civil associations and political clubs, divided into three divisions, and the firemen. The parade was reviewed by the governor and staff from a stand at the steps leading from the grounds down to the level of State street. After the parade the governor was escorted to the executive mansion.

The display of fire works in Market House square Tuesday evening closed the open air demonstrations incident to the inauguration of Governor Pattison. They were witnessed by incoming and outgoing governors and their wives with the legislative committee and guests at the Commonwealth hotel and by the great crowds in the streets from 9 to 11 o'clock. Tuesday night a constant stream of people passed through the doors of executive mansion and were presented to Governor and Mrs. Pattison. After the reception Governor Pattison was driven to the armory and spent a short time at the inaugural ball.

The Inaugural Address.

The tenor of Gov. Pattison's inaugural will be found in the following short extract, which begins the address, and will meet the public expectation.

"Chosen by the people to undertake, for a second time, the duties of the chief executive of the commonwealth, I make use this occasion which custom has established to declare to what end I shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed. A deep sense of responsibility attends the assumption of this obligation. At such an hour it is meet to look to him from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, and, with devout thanksgiving for the blessings bestowed, to seek for a continuance of his favor.

"Four especially important problems confront us: First, constitutional enforcement; second, the purifications of elections, involving ballot reform, personal registration and the prevention of the misuse of money in politics; third, taxation; fourth, municipal government.

"The present executive will zealously strive to maintain the constitution and the laws. Our constitution as approved by the people is in many respects a model of organic law. It breathes the essential spirit of popular government through all its members. By it the general welfare is sought to be promoted. In it there is no hostility to any interest, individual or incorporate. It was drafted by a convention controlled by as noble and choice characters as ever adorned our state. Many of its important provisions are, however, unenforced, notably article 17. That article commands nothing but what is right and forbids nothing but what is wrong. It simply provides that corporations shall treat all persons fairly, impartially and justly. It prohibits unfair discriminations against persons or places. It forbids extortion. It seeks to prevent monopolies and to compel the creatures of the law, who owe their life to the people, to be law obedient. It commands that they shall not use their granted powers to harass and oppress. It also specifically directs the legislature to enforce its provisions by appropriate legislation. Surely an earnest effort should be made to give adequate effect to so wise and just a part of the fundamental law. Every power of the executive shall be exercised to enforce the constitution of the state in every article and section."

Well Known.

There is probably no business house in Western Penn'a so well known to the public in this and adjoining states as the one we are about to speak of. Well known for square and honest dealing well known for keeping the largest and most complete stock in his line, well known for prompt shipping and safe delivery, either by freight or express We refer to the establishment of Max Klein, the wholesale liquor dealer of 82 Federal street, Allegheny, Pa. His arrangements with the different Mountain Distillers of Penn'a for their entire production, and his contract with foreign houses for direct importations, together with the experience of many years, makes him the leader in his line. His own "Silver Age Rye," sold now in every first-class place at $1.50 per quart *has no rival*. His six year old Penn'a Ryes at $1.00 each, or six quarts for $5.00, are the finest goods offered. Send for his price list, acquaint yourself with his manner of doing business, and you will always send for any stimulant you may want to.

MAX KLEIN.
82 Federal Street, Allegheny, Pa.

His Body Terribly Mangled.

A shocking accident occerred at the Union Knitting Mills, whereby Isaac Cox was horribly mutilated. Red Flag Oil, the Famous Pain Cure was quickly applied, and recovery soon followed, you can try this great remedy for 25 cents.

If you want to drive away Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation, Poor Appetite, and all evils arising from a disordered Liver, use Dr. Lee's Livar Regulator. Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

Grain Market.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

White wheat	93
Red wheat	93
Rye	70
Corn, ears	50
Corn, shelled	55
Oats	44
Barley	55

Produce at Stores.

Butter	20
Eggs	24
Lard	7
Shoulders	8
Ham	10
Tallow	4
Potatoes	50

DREAM VISIONS.

The garden lies in silence—shadow deep!
On filmy wings of purple, soft, unfurled,
Comes that ethereal presence we call sleep,
To drug the throbbing senses of the world.
Still is the night—ah, Heaven, how still and clear!
Acacia wrapped in showering sheets of bloom
Droops ghost-like o'er the pathway; I can hear
A scented petal falling in the gloom.
O love! whom nevermore I may call mine,
I hear thy footsteps on the pathway now;
I hear the music of that voice of thine,
As distant harp notes, tremulous and low
I fold thee in my arms—ah, rest, my love!
In this death-silence rest thou on my heart!
The wind goes shuddering to pale stars above,
We two are here alone—the world apart.
Nay, steal not yet away; my lips are laid
Upon thy lips of shadow—rest awhile—
Ah, me! that spirit form may not be stayed,
And thy dream-presence passes in a smile

HARBORING A TRAMP.

It was near the night of a raw, gloomy day, in the autumn of 1886, that a seedy looking tramp turned up to a lonely farmhouse, on the Kentucky side of the Ohio river, and asked for something to eat and a place to sleep. A widow with two children, a son and a daughter, lived there. The son, a young man of twenty-two, had gone to Maysville with a small drove of cattle, which he expected to dispose of in that place in time to reach home at an early hour in the evening, and he intended to bring the proceeds of the sale with him. The daughter, a rather pretty girl of nineteen, was delicate and timid.

"I'll give you what you want to eat," said the widow, whose name was Chalmers, after she had looked the man carefully over and taken a little time for reflection; "but as for lodging you I wouldn't like to agree to that before consulting my son, who may not be home till 8 or 9 o'clock."

"How far is it to the next house?" he asked.

"Which way?"

"South."

"Nearly two miles."

"And night just coming on," returned the other. "I don't like tramping a lonely road after dark. Won't you let me stay till your son comes home, and take my chances with him?"

"I don't know that I ought to object to that," was the somewhat reluctant consent of Mrs. Chalmers.

She gave the tramp a good supper and persuaded him to sit by the general fire—she or her daughter, one or both, being constantly in the room. Eight o'clock, 9 o'clock, 10 o'clock came, and the son and brother had not returned.

"Oh, mamma, what can be keeping George?" at length exclaimed the daughter, in the anxious tone of alarm.

"I don't know, Mary dear," answered the mother, in great anxiety, as she glanced at the clock for the twentieth time. "I suppose he didn't get through with his business as quick as he expected to. Surely he will be here soon now!"

She got up and went to the door, and her daughter timidly followed, looking over her shoulder.

"What a dark, dreary night," shuddered Mary, as a gust of wind came in bringing a little rain with it. "Oh, mamma, do you think any thing serious has happened to him?"

"I hope not," replied her mother, feeling more alarmed herself than she chose to have appear. "The night is very dark, and it may be he has to walk his horse."

"Where did your son go?" inquired the tramp from his comfortable corner beside the blazing fire.

"To Maysville."

"That's a good distance off and the night is dark and the road none of the best. I don't think you have any occasion for alarm yet awhile."

"Thank you!"

"Ah, hark!" exclaimed Mary, just as her mother was turning back to shut the door. "I think I heard the tread of a horse."

Her keen ears had made no mistake. The tread of a horse was soon audible to the others, and shortly after the son and brother rode up to the door. After some warm greetings on both sides, and the brief explanation that he had been delayed in starting, while the darkness and condition of the road compelled him to move slowly, he proceeded to the stable and fed his horse and then came in.

On seeing the tramp and learning why he was there, he felt more uneasiness than he cared to show, for he had brought home with him a considerable sum of money. His decision, however, was prompt, and full of the kindness of charity. After two or three pointed questions to the unwelcome stranger, which were satisfactorily answered, he said:

"Certainly you can stay through the night. I could not find it in my heart to turn adrift any well-behaved human being on a night like this."

"Thank you kindly, sir," politely responded the man. "You will not regret your hospitality."

The language and manners of the poor fellow indicated a certain degree of refined culture not in keeping with his present forlorn appearance, and while his young host ate his supper he held a conversation with him which convinced him of this fact.

His first intention was to throw down some horse blankets and robes, and let him camp down before the fire, but this design was altered with his opinion of the man's antecedents, and so he finally lighted him to a decent bed up stairs under the roof, and then he and the family retired for the night, occupying two rooms on the ground floor. While these things were taking place inside of that lonely farmhouse, some things were occurring outside that vitally concerned the parties we have introduced. Two met in the road a few rods from the dwelling.

"Hi, Sam!" said one.

"Ho, Ben!" replied the other.

Then they came together, and spoke in low, guarded tones.

"Well?" queried Ben.

"All right!" answered Sam. "He's home and got the money with him. There are $1,700 I know about, that I know he brought away with him for sure, and that ought to pay us for the venture, if we don't get any more."

"All right, then. When shall we begin?"

"I reckon between 12 and 1 o'clock will be the best time. He's been home about long enough to get his supper and turn in, and after the long, hard day and night he's had of it, we must give him a chance to get sound asleep.

The plotters got under a shed and waited till the time fixed upon for their burglarious work. There were no shutters to the windows—only fastenings on the inside. With a diamond the burglars cut the glass close to the frame in which it was held, but in spite of their endeavors to get hold of it, the glass fell with a crash on the inside. There was a faint murmur of "What 's that," in a tone that showed he was asleep again by the time the words were fairly uttered. Then the two burglars, their faces concealed by black masks, worked their way into the room, each assisting the other, and flashed a light all around them from the bull's eye of the lantern they carried. To their surprise they found the door of the young man's sleeping room partly open instead of being shut and locked, and they were disposed to take alarm at it till they heard his steady, heavy breathing. Then both, after another sharp sweep of the light around them, noiselessly advanced to the bed of the sleeper—one prepared with the chloroform to seal up his senses, but both ready to murder him rather than fail in their purpose. Just at that critical point of time another human figure, unseen by them, came silently gliding through the darkness and stealing up behind them. It was the tramp. In his hand he held a rope with a noose at one end, not unlike a lasso. He stopped so near the two midnight prowlers that he could have touched them, and poised the hand that held the rope, while every nerve secretly quivered with intense excitement. It was a moment big with fate for all concerned. A single mistake, the slightest error, might cost his own and other human lives. The robbers, both intent upon their evil design, did not look behind them. They stopped close to the bed of the sleeping man, one looking over the shoulder of the other. The forward one held a handkerchief in one hand saturated with chloroform, and in the other hand the lantern whose light he streamed full upon the face of the sleeper.

Just as he reached forward to press the handkerchief to the nostrils of their intended victim, the second robber, armed with a knife and revolver, prepared for deadly assault, brought his head up close to his companion's, the better to note the slightest movement—at that moment the tramp skillfully threw his noose over the heads of both. Then, with a vigorous backward spring, he tightened the noose around the necks of both and jerked them down—stumbling, floundering, crashing—surprised, terrified, almost strangled.

"Surrender and throw down your weapons or I'll beat out your brains!" cried the tramp, as he jerked and pulled upon the rope, in order to strangle the robbers into submission. The answer was three pistol shots from the man who held the revolver, neither of which hit the tramp, but one of which entered the brain of his companion and ended his wicked work for this world. The noise aroused the sleeper, who started up in alarm, with loud cries for murder and for help. This, in turn set the women to shrieking, and the late silent and peaceful dwelling became for the time a bedlam of horrors.

"Keep quiet, Mr. Chalmers, you shall not be harmed," said the tramp, as, still pulling the rope, he pounded the head of the living robber with the butt of his revolver, till he sank under the blows. "Now get a light," he continued, "or turn the light of the villains' lantern upon their faces and see what your tramp has done for you."

It took some minutes more to make George Chalmers, his mother and sister understand the true state of the case—that the man to whom they had given shelter had saved them from being robbed, if not murdered. But what was their further amazement and horror to discover that the dead burglar and the living burglar were two of their neighbors, with whom they had long been intimate, and whose reputation stood high as well-to-do, upright, honorable men.

When they came to pour out their profuse thanks to the tramp for his courageous and timely interference in their behalf, he quietly responded:

"You have much to thank me for, it is true, because you would certainly have been robbed, if not murdered, if I had not been under your roof; but you have to thank me for it in a different way than you suppose. I'm not here by accident, but design. I'm no tramp but a detective. I've had my eye on these villains for some time, but needed proof before arresting them. By chance I overheard a plot to rob George Chalmers on the night he should get paid for his cattle, and I worked out the rest as you see. This villain, Samuel Jennings," nodding to the now tightly bound living robber, "must either go to the state prison or the gallows."

"Neither, you miserable scamp," cried the man with a long string of blasphemous oaths.

He never did—for on the day of the coroner's inquest on his companion, he was found hanged head. The whole affair made a great sensation in its locality. On removing his false hair and beard, the tramp detective was found to be a young and handsome fellow. A warm friendship sprang up between him and George Chalmers, and shortly afterward a still warmer one between him and Mary Chalmers. It seems enough to merely add that she is now his happy, grateful and loving wife.

HOME LIFE OF NOTED DIVINES.

Preachers in a big city fare about as well as any one on earth can, unless he is born to millions, says a New York letter to the Washington Post. The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage has a charming home in Brooklyn, at the corner or De Kalb avenue and South Oxford street. The house is a handsome one, four stories and a basement, and in the saloon parlor there is enough costly bric-a-brac to stock a bazaar, all of which has been given the worthy divine by his parishioners.

In every-day life he is a decidedly pleasant man to meet, and in one respect is like Mrs. Logan. He tries heartily to be pleasing. He is not a ready or fluent talker out of the pulpit, but he is always an entertaining and cheerful one. His optimism, indeed, is his great forte.

Another preacher whom I met recently is Dr. Robert Collyer, and I never met a man who so impressed me with his wholesoulness. There is a sweetness, and rugged, sturdy strength about him that is wonderfully winning.

He is an old man, his hair is white as snow, and brushed back like a mane after the fashion Beecher wore his hair; his face is marked by the good thoughts and noble endeavors of a long life, and his form seems a tower of strength.

He is just the sort of man a woman feels implicit trust in, whether as husband, father or religious adviser.

Mrs. Collyer is quite old, and enjoys less robust health than her eminent husband, so on her account they make their home in a charming little flat in the top of the Strathmore, on upper Broadway, where she can have the pleasure of overseeing her household.

It is too small to give room for a study for Dr. Collyer, so he has a charming, quiet room in the Holland Building, which is largely given over to artists and literary people, and there he is surrounded by his beloved books, photographs of friends and some good pictures.

BILL NYE AT HOME.

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE GREAT HUMORIST.

He Owns a House, Four Children, and a Big Barn.

When Bill Nye isn't, as he himself says, "jostling and junketing around with foreign dynasties," he lives on Staten Island. He owns a large house perhaps half a mile from the landing at St. George; has four children, equally balanced as to sex, a solemn-faced cow and a big barn. The house cost forty thousand dollars, but it fell into Mr. Nye's hands at about one-third of that imposing sum. The owner has dipped deep enough into the thirties to be perilously close to forty. He has drawn his own picture too often to need the focusing of a foreign lens. Now that he is recognized as a peer of the realm of American humorists he has no trouble in defraying his expenses. Many exaggerated statements concerning his earnings have found their way into print. They are large enough, however, to obviate the necessity for inflation. Last year his tongue wagged at the rate of about twenty thousand dollars for the lecture season, and with the receipt of about ten thousand dollars more his pen is to be credited. He is in platform partnership with Whitcomb Riley, the "Hoosier Poet," for whose brother strangers usually mistake him. He is often supposed to be the poet of the combination, a circumstance which he explains by saying:

"Riley is always saying something funny in conversation, and I never do anything of that kind."

It is only within recent years that tidal waves of prosperity began to roll over Mr. Nye. Without straining his memory he can recall the time when his literary drudgery netted him a dollar a column.

"The columns were short and the type large," he explains, "and I was glad to get the dollar."

One hundred dollars is nearer his figure now. Most of the humorist's pen portraits represent him as perfectly innocent of hair. This does a gross injustice to the vegetation with which his scalp is fringed, though it is not luxuriant and though truth compels the admission that the crown is of the billiard ball variety. He is loosely built, large boned, six feet high and straight as a plummet line. The kindliness that is in him seems to find an outlet at every pore. It dances in his eyes, softens the expression of his face and rings in every sentence that he utters. He was born in the woods, near Moosehead Lake, and his parents were school friends of the Browns—the family from which Artemus Ward sprang.

"We moved from Moosehead Lake when I was very young," he says, "and I lived in the West among the rattlesnakes and the Indians until I grew up. I practiced law for about a year, but," he adds, without changing a muscle, "nobody knew much about it; I kept it very quiet. I was a Justice of the Peace for six years. Yes I used to marry people and try them for other offenses."

This comparatively innocent description of his administration of Laramie law scarcely goes far enough. For instance: In an evil hour a tramp attempted to steal a Cayuse pony belonging to his Honor. The pony was chiefly formidable about the heels, which moved with great rapidity, and flew to a fearful height. The tramp was caught in the act and was promptly arraigned before Judge Nye. He was found guilty of stealing a horse, guilty of vandalism in trying to make away with the bucking pride of all Laramie, and, for obvious reasons guilty of contempt of court. The sentence was that the culprit should ride the peppery pony for thirty minutes in the public square of Laramie. The court adjourned, and all hands, including his Honor, went over to see the sentence executed. This is a published account of what followed:

"The horse was bridled and saddled without event, led out into the square and the prisoner lifted on its back. The animal stood still a moment or two, turned its head clear around and coolly viewed the rider, then took a shoot forward, instantly plunged backward, arched his back, jumped in the air and landed with four feet stiff. The rider was shot over his head and landed on his back, four feet in front of the steed. He was picked up again and placed in the saddle. The horse did not look at the rider this time, but, with that exception, the performance was the same as before. The culprit was mounted and tossed five times to the delight of the crowd and the Judge and then allowed to depart."

Some of the stories told of Nye's experiences on the bench have a fairy-tale flavor about them, "but," says Mr. Nye, "the worst about the tale of the turbulent trotter is that it will stand any amount of cross-examination and won't impeach itself. It is unfortunately true."

The same serious charge of absolute veracity can be maintained against another of Nye's judicial rulings, the criminal in this case being a wife-beater. When his honor examined the statute book he failed, or said he failed, to find anything about wife-beating. It might be a legal pastime for anything he knew in the statutes to the contrary, but he would take the chances and assess a penalty to fit the crime. There were several cowboys in the court, and they were requested to use their rawhides on the prisoner. The wife-beater's shoulders were soon artistically adorned with black and blue stripes, and, as he yelled like a Comanche, he was fined $10 for being verbally indecorous.

Whatever misgivings may be entertained regarding Nye's qualifications as an exponent of law, there is no debatable ground about his capacity for the mission which is bringing him fame and fortune. He must have been singularly retiring and unobstrusive in his early days. Even the friction of the platform, with all that it involves—constant traveling, contact with every type of human being and the crucible of critical assemblages in every big city on the continent—has not worn away the fine delicacies which commend him to those who know him well and those who know him little. It is easy enough to pluck out the heart of Nye's mystery. He can be comprehended in a moment and imitated not at all. Those who try to follow in his footsteps will have a hard road to travel. They would rise to the height of none of his excellencies and duplicate and emphasize every deficiency he has. Or course he is not a man to rhapsodise about. He is the first to smile when florid things are said about him. To fall down and worship himself will be the last of his follies. Perhaps no better evidence of his simplicity of character than one which he himself affords can be given.

"No one could be more surprised than I was at my success."

A National Gretna Green.

There have been so many runaway marriages in Washington during the past year that the city is becoming a a veritable Gretna Green. Children failing to secure a marriage license or a minister to perform a matrimonial ceremony have only to fly to Washington and their hearts are quickly made to beat as one. Attention has been called to the loose condition of affairs in this respect by the elopement and marriage of Claiborne A. Wilson and Miss Maud Glasscott. He is twenty, she is seventeen. He is a nephew of President Arthur's United States Marshal in the District of Columbia, while she is a belle in the youngest channels of upper society. On both sides of the match there is a protest, but it is of no use; it is too late.

In the multiplicity of complications which have brought forth hundreds of sensational marriages in the District of Columbia during the past three years, making this a resort, far famed, for all who have obstacles in the way of marriage, no one has ever been made to suffer. It is not a crime in the eyes of society and the law to aid and abet amusements of this character. From Maryland, Virginia and all directions they come every day, till the list of marriage licences issued by the Clerk of the District Court runs as high as that of a whole large State. Congress will not, however, be invoked to stop the traffic, for the people here seem to enjoy it. On the contrary, it will be encouraged. No troublesome questions are asked when a man applies for a license in Washington to wed the girl of his choice. All that is necessary to secure a wife is to get the girl to say "Yes," and raise $1 in cash for the license and secure a minister to tie the knot. It does not matter whether you are white, black or copper-colored; or whether your sweetheart is one color and you another. It makes no difference whether you are twenty-one or seventeen; whether your girl is fifteen or forty, or whether your parents are willing or unwilling. One dollar will secure the order of the court upon a minister of the gospel to solemnize the rites of marriage, and no questions will be asked. So much encouragement is just now afforded young people to elope to Washington that fathers and mothers in the surrounding country are not a little worried.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Despise not to-day.

Regret not yesterday.

Depend not on to-morrow.

It is better to lose a jest than a friend.

A fact never apologizes to anybody

If you would be pure in mind be pure in habit.

Every little act is the child of a great principle.

We never overcome only where we undergo.

Our words and actions to be fair must be timely.

Purity of soul and conduct is the first glory of women.

If thou would'st walk in light, make other spirits bright.

The man who wears blue glasses never finds the sunshine.

If you want to come out right, be sure to get started right.

If you are in the wrong place your right place is empty.

The man who does his best, does as well as an angel can do.

One of the biggest cowards is the man who is afraid to do right.

Never think that you make yourself great by making others less.

To persist in living beyond our incomes is to live a life of dishonesty.

It is marvelous how long a rotten post will stand, if it be not shaken.

The man who continues to back race horses seldom gets to the front.

Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our priveleges.

The shadow of a trouble is always blacker than the trouble itself.

To have to look at himself as the hottest fire a bad man can get into.

The man you meet going down hill was at one time higher than you are.

There is nothing in life so earnestly to be sought as character and probity.

Poverty is the only burden that is not lightened by being shared with others.

Without steadiness of character in social life there can be no true friendship.

The glass filled to the brim at night will fill the hat to the brim in the morning.

Do not judge a man by his failure in life, for many men are too honest to succeed.

A fool can be forgiven but a cunning man with bad manners is continually disliked.

When a man has once willfully broken his word he cannot very well mend it again.

It is better to miss an opportunity of saying a "good thing" than to make an enemy.

Men may boast of great actions, but they are oftener the effect of chance than design.

The beginning of things evades us; their end evades us also. We see only the middle.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection finish him.

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.

Most young women study the character of men but little, because they have but little opportunity.

There is always plenty of room for man whose life is governed by a fixed principle.

A cheerful disposition will do more for you than a pedigree running back to the Mayflower.

The bad man throws mud at the good man because he has to do it to keep from looking at himself.

If happiness were the only good it would be hard work to find anybody to turn the grindstone.

The world needs people who have the courage to do right, a great deal more than it does soldiers.

All our actions take their lines from the complexion of the heart, as landscapes their variety from light.

Purity of heart is that quick and sensitive delicacy to which the very thought of sin is offensive.

"Life," say the Arabs, "is of two parts; that which is past,—a dream; that which is to come—a wish."

Before marriage a woman is interested in everything he says; after marriage she is interested in things he does.

People who are always talking about charity beginning at home, never do anything to help her start.

He who tries to solve the problem of his own existence will find that it takes just a little longer than lifetime.

When a man mends the error of his ways, it will usually be found that it was a woman who sewed on the patches.

If you want to know why Eve ate the apple, just analyze your own feelings when you see a "Keep Off The Grass" sign.

The more wicked a man the more apt it is to be said of him that he would be a very bright man if he would turn his talents in the right direction.

It is beautiful to gather about the domestic fireside, but the fire ought to be on the hearthstone, and not in the tempers of those who live there.

Probably no man who honestly tries to be of service to his fellow-men quite fails, because, even if he tries in wrong ways, his errors are instructive.

When a man reaches forty he begins to look around for the names of men who distinguished themselves after that age.

When the butler begins to brag of his honesty it is time to fall on his neck—and fee for the spoons in his coat-tail pocket.

Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "A Religious Movement in 1891."

TEXT: "*Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high*"—Luke xxiv., 49.

For a few months, in the providence of God, I have two pulpits, one in Brooklyn and the other in New York, and through the kindness of the printing press an ever widening opportunity. To all such hearers and readers I come with an especial message. The time has arrived for a forward movement such as the church and the world have never seen. That there is a need for such a religious movement is evident from the fact that never since our world was swung out among the planets has there been such an organized and determined effort to overthrow righteousness, and make the Ten Commandments obsolete and the whole Bible a derision. Meanwhile alcoholism is taking down its victims by the hundreds of thousands, and the political parties get down on their knees, practically saying: "O thou almighty rum jug! we bow down before thee! Give us the offices—city, State and national. Oh, give us the offices, and we will worship thee for ever and ever; Amen."

The Christian Sabbath meanwhile, appointed for physical, mental and spiritual rest, is being secularized and abolished. All the bad publishing houses of our own country had exhausted their literary filth, the French and Russian sewers have been invited to pour their scurrility and moral slush into the trough where our American swine are now wallowing. Meanwhile there are enough houses of infamy in all our cities, open and unmolested of the law, to invoke the omnipotent wrath which buried Sodom under a deluge of brimstone. The pandemoniac world, I think, has massed its troops, and they are at this moment plying their batteries upon family circles, church circles, social circles, political circles and national circles. Apollyon is in the saddle, and riding at the head of his myrmidons would capture this world for darkness and woe.

That is one side of the conflict now raging. On the other side we have the most magnificent gospel machinery that the world ever saw or heaven ever invented. In the first place there are in this country more than eighty thousand ministers of religion and, take them as a class, more consecrated, holier, more consistent, more self denying, more faithful men never lived. I know them by the thousands. I have met them in every city. I am told, not by them, but by people outside of our profession, people engaged in Christian and reformatory work, that the clergy of America are at the head of all good enterprises, and whoever else fail they may be depended on. The truth of this is demonstrated by the fact that when a minister of religion does fall, it is so exceptional that the newspapers report it as something startling, while a hundred men in other callings may go down without the matter being considered as especially worth mentioning.

In addition to their equipment in moral character the clergy of this country have all that the schools can give. All archæological, rhetorical, scientific, scholastic, literary attainment. So much for the Christian ministry of all denominations. In the next place on our side of the conflict we have the grandest churches of all time, and higher style of membership and more of them, and a host without number of splendid men and women who are doing their best to have this world purified, elevated, gospelized. But we all feel that something is wanting. Enough hearty songs have been sung and enough earnest sermons preached within the last six months to save all the cities of America, and saving the cities you save the world, for they overflow all the land either with their religion or their infamy.

But look at some of the startling facts. It is nearly nineteen hundred years since Jesus Christ came by the way of Bethlehem caravansary to save this world, yet the most of the world has been no more touched by this most stupendous fact of all eternity than if on the first Christmas night the beasts of the stall, amid the bleatings of their own young, had not heard the bleating of the Lamb that was to be slain. Out of the eighteen hundred million of the human race fourteen hundred million are without God and without hope in the world, the camel driver of Arabia, Mahomet, with his nine wives, having half as many disciples as our blessed Christ, and more people are worshiping chunks of painted wood and carved stone than are worshiping the living and eternal God. Meanwhile, the most of us who are engaged in Christian work—I speak for myself as well as others—are toiling up to our full capacity of body, mind and soul, harnessed up to the last buckle, not able to draw a pound more than we are drawing or lift an ounce more than we are lifting.

What is the matter? My text lets out the secret. We all need more of the power from on high. Not muscular power, not logical power, not scientific power, not social power, not financial power, not brain power, but power from on high. With it we could accomplish more in one week than without it in a hundred years. And I am going to get it, if in answer to prayer, earnest and long continued, God will grant it to me, His unworthy servant. Men and women who know how to pray, when you pray for yourself, pray for me that I may be endued with power from on high. I would rather have it than all the diamond fields of Golconda, and all the pearls of the sea, and all the gold of the mountains. Many of the mightiest intellects never had a touch of it, and many of the less than ordinary intellects have been surcharged with it. And every man and woman on earth has a right to aspire to it, a right to pray for it, and, properly persistent, will obtain it.

Power from on the level is a good thing, such power as I may give you, or you may give me, by encouraging words and actions. Power from on the level when we stand by each other in any Christian undertaking. Power from on the level when other pulpits are in accord with ours. Power from on the level when the religious and secular press forward our Christian undertakings. But power from on the level is not sufficient. Power from on high is what we need to take possession of us. Power straight from God. Supernatural power, omnipotent power, all conquering power. Not more than one out of a thousand of the ministers has it continuously. Not more than one out of ten thousand Christians has it all the time. Given in abundance, these last ten years of the nineteenth century would accomplish more for God, and the church, and the world than the previous ninety years of this century.

A few men and women in each age of the world have possessed it. Caroline Fry, the immortal Quakeress, had it, and three hundred of the depraved and suffering of Newgate prison, under her exhortation, repented and believed. Jonathan Edwards had it, and Northampton meeting house heard the outburst of religious emotion as he spake of righteousness and judgment to come. Samuel Budgett, the Christian merchant, had it, and his benefactions showered the world. John Newton had it. Bishop Latimer had it. Isabella Graham had it. Andrew Fuller had it. The great evangelists Daniel Baker and Dr. Nettleton and Truman Osborn and Charles G. Finney had it. In my boyhood I saw Truman Osborn rise to preach in the village church at Somerville, N. J., and before he had given out his text or uttered a word people in the audience sobbed aloud with religious emotion. It was the power from on high. All in greater or less degree may have it. Once get it and nothing can stand before you. Satan goes down. Caricature goes down. Infidelity goes down. Worldliness goes down. All opposition goes down.

Several times in the history of the church and the world has this power from on high been demonstrated. In the seventeenth century, after a great season of moral depression, this power from on high came down upon John Tillotson and Owen and Flavel and Baxter and Bunyan, and there was a deluge of mercy higher than the tops of the highest mountains of sin. In the eighteenth century, in England and America, religion was at a low water mark. William Cowper, writing of the clergy of these days, said:

> Except a few with Eli's spirit blest,
> Hophni and Phineas may describe the rest.

The infidel writings of Shaftesbury and Hobbes and Chubb had done their work. But power from on high came upon both the Wesleys and Lady Huntington on the other side the Atlantic, and upon William Tennant and Gilbert Tennant and David Brainerd on this side the Atlantic, and both hemispheres felt the tread of a pardoning God. Coming to later date, there may be here and there in this audience an aged man or woman who can remember New York in 1831, when this power from on high descended most wondrously. It came upon pastors and congregations and theatres and commercial establishments. Chatham Street Theatre, New York, was the scene of a most tremendous religious awakening.

A committee of Christian gentlemen called upon the lessee of the theatre, and said they would like to buy the lease of the theatre. He said, "What do you want it for?" They replied, "For a church." "For wh-a-at" said the owner. "For a church," was the reply. The owner said, "You may have it, and I will give you a thousand dollars to help you on with your work." Arthur Tappan, a man mightily persecuted in his time, but a man, as I saw him in his last days, as honest and pure and good as any man I ever knew, stepped on the stage of old Chatham Theatre as the actors were closing their morning rehearsal and said, "There will be preaching here to-night on this stage;" and then gave out and sang with such people as were there the old hymn:

> The voice of free grace cries, escape to the mountain,
> For all that believe Christ has opened a fountain.

The barroom of the theatre was turned into a prayer room, and eight hundred persons were present at the first meeting. For seventy successive nights religious services were held in that theatre, and such scenes of mercy and salvation as will be subjects of conversation and congratulation among the ransomed in glory as long as heaven lasts. But I come to a later time—1857—remembered by many who are here. I remember it especially, as I had just entered the office of the ministry. It was a year of hard times. A great panic had flung hundreds of thousands of people penniless. Starvation entered habitations that had never before known a want. Domestic life in many cases became a tragedy. Suicide, garroting, burglary, assassination were rampant. What an awful day that was when the banks went down! There has been nothing like it in thirty years, and I pray God there may not be anything like it in the next thirty centuries. Talk about your Black Fridays! It was Black Saturday, Black Sunday, Black Monday, Black Tuesday, Black Wednesday, Black Thursday as well as Black Friday.

This nation in its extremity fell helpless before the Lord and cried for pardon and peace, and upon ministers and laymen the power from on high descended. Engine houses, warerooms, hotel parlors, museums, factories, from 12 to 1 o'clock, while the operatives were resting, were opened for prayers and sermons and inquiry rooms, and Burton's old theatre on Chambers street, where our ancestors used to assemble to laugh at the comedies, and all up and down the streets, and out on the docks and on the decks of ships lying at the wharf people sang, "All hail the power of Jesus's name," while others cried for mercy. A great mass meeting of Christians on a week day, in Jayne's Hall, Philadelphia, telegraphed to Fulton Street Prayer Meeting in New York, saying, "What hath God wrought?" and a telegram went back saying, "Two hundred souls saved at our meeting to-day." A ship came through the Narrows into our harbor, the captain reporting that himself and all the crew had been converted to God between New Orleans and New York.

In the busiest marts of our busiest American cities, where the worshipers of Mammon had been counting their golden beads, men began to calculate, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" The waiters in restaurants after the closing of their day's work knelt among the tables where they had served. Policemen asked consent of the Commissioner of Police to be permitted to attend religious meetings. At Albany members of the New York Legislature assembled in the room of the Court of Appeals at half-past eight o'clock in the morning for prayer and praise. Printed invitations were sent out to the firemen of New York saying, "Come as suits your convenience best, whether in fire or citizens' dress, but come! come!" Quarrymen knelt among the rocks. Fishermen knelt in their boats. Weavers knelt among the looms. Sailors knelt among the hammocks. Schoolmasters knelt among their classes. A gentleman traveling said there was a line of prayer meetings from Omaha to Washington City, and he might have added a line of prayer meetings from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico.

In those days what songs, what sermons, what turnings to God, what recital of thrilling experiences, what prodigals brought home, what burning tidings of souls saved, what serfdom of sin emancipated, what wild rout of the forces of darkness, what victories for the truth! What millions on earth and in heaven are now thanking God for 1857, which, though the year of worst financial calamity, was the year of America's most glorious blessing. How do you account for 1857, its spiritual triumphs on the heels of its worldly misfortune! It was what my text calls the power from on high.

That was thirty-three years ago, and though there have been in various parts of the land many stirrings of the Holy Ghost, there has been no general awakening. Does it not seem to you that we ought to have and may have the scenes of power in 1857 eclipsed by the scenes of power in 1891! The circumstances are somewhat similar. While we have not had national panic and universal prostration as in 1857, there has been a stringency in the money market that has put many of the families of the earth to their wits' end. Large commercial interests collapsing have left multitudes of employes without means of support. The racked brains of business men have almost or entirely given way. New illustrations all over the land, of the fact that riches have not only feet, on which they walk slowly as they come, but wings on which they speed when they go. Eternal God! Thou knowest how cramped and severe and solemn a time it is with many. And as the business ruin of 1857 was followed by the glorious triumphs of grace, let the awful struggles of 1890 be followed by the hallelujahs of a nation saved in 1891.

Brethren in the Gospel ministry! if we spent half as much time in prayer as we do in the preparation of our sermons nothing could stand before us. We would have the power from on high as we never had it. Private membership of all Christendom! if we spent half as much time in positive prayer for this influence as we do in thinking about it and talking about it, there would not be secretaries enough to take down the names of those who want to give in their names for enlistment.

As the power from on high in 1857 was more remarkable in academies of music and lyceum halls and theatres than in churches, why not this winter of 1891 in these two academies of music, places of secular entertainment where we are during the rebuilding of our Brooklyn Tabernacle, so grandly and graciously treated by the owners and lessors and lessees; why not expect and why not have the power from on high, comforting power, arousing power, convincing power, converting power, saving power, omnipotent power? My opinion is that in this cluster of cities by the Atlantic coast, there are five hundred thousand people now ready to accept the Gospel call, if, freed from all the conventionalities of the church, it were earnestly and with strong faith presented to them.

In these brilliant assemblies there are hundreds who are not frequenters of churches, and who do not believe much of at all in ministers of religion or ecclesiastical organizations. But God knows you have struggles in which you need help, and bereavements in which you want solace, and persecutions in which you ought to have defense, and perplexities in which you need guidance, and with a profound thoughtfulness you stand by the grave of the old year, and the cradle of the young year, wondering where you will be and what you will be when "rolling years shall cease to move." Power from on high descend upon them!

Men of New York and Brooklyn, I offer you God and heaven! From the day you came to these cities what a struggle you have had! I can tell from your careworn countenances, and the tears in your eyes, and the deep sigh you have just breathed that you want re-enforcement, and here it is, greater than Blucher when he re-enforced Wellington; greater than the Bank of England when last month it re-enforced the Barings—namely, the God who through Jesus Christ, is ready to pardon all your sin, comfort all your sorrows, scatter all your doubts, and swing all the shining gates of heaven wide open before your redeemed spirit. Come into the kingdom of God! Without a half second of delay come in!

Many of my hearers to-day are what the world calls, and what I would call splendid fellows, and they seem happy enough, and are jolly and obliging, and if I were in trouble I would go to them with as much confidence as I would to my father, if he were yet alive. But when they go to their rooms at night, or when the excitements of social and business life are off, they are not content, and they want something better than this world can offer. I understand them so well I would, without any fear of being thought rough, put my right hand on their one shoulder and my left hand on their other shoulder and push them into the kingdom of God. But I cannot. Power from on high, lay hold of them!

At the first communion after the dedication of our former church three hundred and twenty-eight souls stood up in the aisles and publicly espoused the cause of Christ. At another time four hundred souls; at another time five hundred; and our four thousand five hundred membership were but a small part of those who within those sacred walls took upon themselves the vows of the Christian. What turned them? What saved them? Power from the level? No. Power from on high.

But greater things are to be seen if ever these cities and over this world is to be taken for God. There is one class of men and women in all these assemblages in whom I have especial interest, and that is those who had good fathers and mothers once, but they are dead. What multitudes of us are orphans! We may be 40, 50, 60 years old, but we never get used to having father and mother gone. Oh, how often we have had troubles that we would like to have told them, and we always felt as long as father and mother were alive we had some one to whom we could go! Now I would like to ask if you think that all their prayers in your behalf have been answered. "No," you say, "but it is too late; the old folks are gone now."

I must courteously contradict you. It is not too late. I have a friend in the ministry who was attending the last hours of an aged Christian, and my friend said to the old Christian, "Is there no trouble on your mind?" The old man turned his face to the wall for a few moments, and then said: "Only one thing. I hope for the salvation of my ten children, but not one of them is yet saved. Yet I am sure they will be. God means to wait until I am gone." So he died. When my friend told of the circumstances eight of the ten had found the Lord, and I have no doubt the other two before this have found Him. Oh, that the long postponed answers to prayer for you, my brother, for you, my sister, might this hour descend in power from on high.

Oh, unanswered prayers of father and mother, where are you? In what room of the old homestead have they hidden? Oh, unanswered prayers, rise in a mist of many tears into a cloud, and then break in a shower which shall soften the heart of that man who is so hard he cannot cry, or that woman who is ashamed to pray! Oh, armchair of the aged, now empty and in the garret among the rubbish, speak out! Oh, staff of the pilgrim who has ended his weary journey, tell of the parental anxieties that bent over thee! Oh, family Bible, with story of births and deaths, rustle some of thy time worn leaves, and let us know of the wrinkled hands that once turned thy pages, and explain that spot where a tear fell upon the passage: "Oh, Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee."

Good and gracious God! what will become of us, if after having had such a devout and praying parentage, we never pray for ourselves! We will pray. We will begin now. Oh, for the power from on high, power to move this assemblage, power to save Brooklyn and New York, power of evangelism that shall sweep across this continent like an ocean surge, power to girdle the round earth with a red girdle dipped in the blood of the cross! If this forward movement is to begin at all there must be some place for it to begin, and why not this place? And there must be some time for it to begin, and why not this time? And so I sound for your ears a rhythmic invitation, which, until a few days ago, never came under my eye, but it is so sweet, so sobbing with pathos, so triumphant with joy, that whoever chanced it, instead of being anonymous, ought to be immortal:

> Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
> The stripes, thy due, were laid on me,
> That peace and pardon might be free—
> O wretched sinner, come!
>
> Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
> Trust not the world: it gives no rest;
> I bring relief to hearts oppressed—
> O weary sinner, come!
>
> Come, leave thy burden at the cross:
> Count all thy gains but empty dross,
> My grace repays all earthly loss—
> O needy sinner, come!
>
> Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
> Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears,
> This mercy's voice salutes thine ears:
> O trembling sinner, come!

How Crocodiles Trap Birds.

I have watched upon many occasions the stealthy advance of a crocodile to capture small birds, when in flights of many thousands they have settled upon yielding branches of dwarf willows, writes Sir Samuel Baker in "Wild Beasts and Their Ways." The elastic boughs bent down beneath the weight of the innumerable flock, and the crocodile's head appeared above the surface at a distance, sank below, and quickly reappeared (the eyes and crown alone above the water) within ten yards of the unsuspecting birds, all of whom were busily engaged in twittering excitement, quarreling for places and occasionally dipping their beaks in the water when the bending twigs permitted them to drink. In a few moments after the disappearance of the wary eyes a tremendous splash was accompanied by a pair of open jaws, which swept the occupants of the lower branches into the greedy throat.

Worth Remembering.

Sharp-eyed men of business take note of a boy's general appearance in making up their estimate of what he is worth. A straightforward, manly bearing will help any lad to get his way in the world, while the haphazard sort of a way usually suggests to the observer a corresponding character. Manliness is not a garment you can put on and off like your Sunday coat. It must have its foundation in the heart, or it will be a flimsy sham that will deceive nobody.

BURDENS grow lighter just as soon as we are willing to bear them.

THE LIFE FOR WHICH I LONG.

When on my day of light the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my help and stay.

Be near me when all else is from me drifting.
Earth, sky, home's picture, day of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let thy spirit
Be with me, then, to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy 'bounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place—

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

—*John G. Whittier.*

Margie's Charm.

"What is it makes everybody love Margie Fitch so?" said Jennie Howard, half petulantly, as she turned away from the window after having seen the elegant Mrs. Dayton, with her little daughter by her side, gracefully rein in her horse, take Maggie in her handsome carriage, and dash off again down street. "She isn't pretty nor stylish. Now what is it do you suppose?"

"I think I know the charm. Perhaps you would better set yourself the task this week to discover it," answered her mother, busily putting the sitting-room to rights.

The next day at school Jennie followed her like a detective. The first thing she noticed was Margie's kindness to Alice Ross, a shy, new scholar, who stood quite alone, looking wistfully at the others at their gay sports. Margie went over and made her acquaintance, and after a little urging the girl joined the merry group and was soon running like a deer and laughing with the rest.

When school was called, Margie laid a rose on the teacher's desk as she passed, and smiled a cheery "Good-morning," and received an appreciative smile in return.

About an hour later, while busily studying, a smothered sob caught her ear. Looking about, she saw the new scholar sitting with head bent forward regarding her slate with a hopeless expression. Up went Margie's hand for permission to leave her seat, which was granted, as were all like requests, for they were rare, and the teacher knew they were nerer of a trifling nature.

"What is the matter, Alice?" asked Margie, sitting down beside her.

"I can't do one of these examples," she replied, dashing away a tear.

Margie took the slate, read over an example, and soon had it down correctly. With a little help at the right place the others were conquered, and the girl lifted a grateful face to hers as she thanked her.

On their way home a troop of girls were working off their animal spirits in a wild game of tag. Margie in whirling suddenly came in collision with a gentleman, knocking his cane from his hand.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," said Margie, covered with confusion as she returned the cane to him. "I'm afraid I have hurt you, sir," and she looked up with frank solicitude in her eyes.

"Not at all, my dear," he responded heartily, pleased by her courteous manner. "Go on with your play and be happy. I am proud to doff my hat to so polite a young lady," which he did with a stately bow and passed on.

"How did you dare? I should have been too much frightened to have said a thing," exclaimed one of the girls.

"So should I," chorused the others.

There was a social in the church parlors that week. Jennie still hovered near Margie, learning a sweet lesson every day from her. As they sat turning the leaves of a hymn book, finding their favorite songs, a lady paused to speak to them. Margie instantly arose and proffered her chair, which was accepted with a pleased smile after Margie had insisted upon it.

The two girls started for the other room where the young people were preparing for games. Just then Margie espied a solitary figure sitting in the corner. This was the deacon's wife, who was somewhat deaf. After a handshake and a sentence through the ear trumpet people usually left her to herself, as the majority of people mumble or speak too rapidly to be readily understood through the trumpet.

Margie crossed the room to her, and taking the trumpet in her hand, being careful to articulate so as not to make her affliction more conspicuous, she sat and chatted half an hour away, amusing the dear old lady by repeating the pleasantries and jokes that were flying from lip to lip of those around them.

"You have been a great comfort to me, my bonnie lass," said the old lady, patting the hand that held the trumpet. "Now go and play with the rest. I thank you, my dear, for your thoughtfulness to an old woman like me," and Margie went away quite happy. As soon as she appeared several voices exclaimed:

"Oh, here comes Margie Fitch! Let her be Ruth. Come, Margie, and be blindfolded."

Margie laughingly submitted, and a moment later was giving "Jacob" a lively chase around the ring. She always put her whole heart into everything she did.

"I think I have found out Margie's charm," said Jennie to her mother the next morning. "It is because she is so good to everybody."

"Yes, that is it," answered her mother.

She is thoughtful, kind, polite and obliging. I think she must carry the Golden Rule very near to her heart."
—Caroline Mosher in *The Advance*.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 18, 1891.

God's Care of Elijah.

LESSON TEXT.

(I Kings 17 : 1-16. Memory verses: 2-5.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Sinning and Serving.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *Godliness is profitable unto all things.* 1 Tim. 4 : 8.

LESSON TOPIC: *God's Servants Fed.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. Divine Revelations, vs. 1-4, 7-9, 14.
2. Trustful Obedience, vs. 5, 10-13, 15 l. c.
3. Gracious Supply, vs. 6, 15 l. c., 16.

GOLDEN TEXT: *They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.*—Psa. 34 : 10.

DAILY HOME READINGS:
M.—1 King 17 : 1-16. God's servants fed.
T.—Gen. 21 : 1-21. Hagar's wants supplied.
W.—Exod. 16 : 1-21. Israel's wants supplied.
T.—1 Kings 19 : 1-8. Elijah's wants supplied.
F.—Mark 6 : 30-44. Five thousand fed.
S.—Mark 8 : 1-9. Four thousand fed.
S.—John 6 : 26-59. The bread of life.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. GOD'S SERVANTS FED.

I. Need:
There shall not be dew nor rain.... The brook dried up (1, 7).
That we may eat, and die (1 Kings 17 : 12).
The famine was sore in Samaria (1 Kings 18 : 2).
We may find grass and save the horses and mules (1 Kings 18 : 5).
It rained not....for three years and six months (Jas. 5 : 17).

II. Command:
Get thee....by the brook Cherith ....Get thee to Zarephath (3, 9).
Ye shall....obey his voice, and ye shall serve him (Deut. 18 : 4).
Obey....his statutes, which I command thee (Deut. 27 : 10).
Have not I commanded thee? (Josh. 1 : 9).
All that thou hast commanded us we will do (Josh 1 : 16).

III. Promise:
Thou shalt drink of the brook....I have commanded....to sustain thee (4, 9).
As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee (Josh. 1: 5).
The righteous shall inherit the land (Psa. 37: 29).
Ye shall eat the good of the land (Isa. 1: 19).
All these things shall be added unto you (Matt. 6: 33).

1. "There shall not be dew nor rain." (1) An angry God; (2) A faithful prophet; (3) A fearful penalty.
2. "I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there." (1) The appointed refuge; (2) The trustful prophet; (3) The obedient messengers; (4) The sure supply.
3. "I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee." (1) A new emergency; (2) A new provision.—(1) God, the controlling power; (2) The widow, the submissive instrument; (3) Elijah, the honored beneficiary.

II. TRUSTFUL OBEDIENCE.

I. Well-Grounded Obedience:
He went....according unto the word of the Lord (5).
All that the Lord hath spoken will we do (Exod. 24: 7).
According to all that the Lord commanded him, so did he (Exod. 40: 16).
Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it (John 2: 5).
Abraham, when he was called, obeyed (Heb. 11: 8).

II. Enduring Obedience:
So he arose and went to Zarepath (10).
Teach me:...I shall keep it unto the end (Psa. 119: 33).
I....perform thy statutes,....even unto the end (Psa. 119: 112).
He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved (Matt. 10: 22).
He that keepeth my works unto the end (Rev. 2: 26).

III. Faith-Filled Obedience:
She said,....I have not a cake.... She went and did (12, 15).
By faith Noah....prepared an ark (Heb. 11: 7).
By faith Abraham....went out, not knowing whither he went (Heb. 11: 8).
By faith Abraham....offered up Isaac (Heb. 11: 17).
By faith he forsook Egypt (Heb. 11: 27).

1. "He went and did according unto the word of the Lord." (1) An obedient man; (2) A guiding Lord.—(1) The Lord's word; (2) The prophet's response.
2. "Behold, a widow woman was there gathering sticks." (1) The Lord's command; (2) The prophet's obedience; (3) The widow's presence.
3. "Elijah said unto her, Fear not." (1) Elijah's authority; (2) Elijah's announcement; (3) Elijah's influence.

III. GRACIOUS SUPPLY.

I. Appropriate Provision:
Ravens brought him bread;....and he drank of the brook (6).
Feed me with the food that is needful for me (Prov. 30: 8).
Give us this day our daily bread (Matt. 6: 11).
Having food and covering we shall be ....content (1 Tim. 6: 8).
Content with such things as ye have (Heb. 13: 5).

II. Sufficient Provision:
She, and he, and her house, did eat many days (15).
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures (Psa. 23: 2).
Thou openest thine hand, they are satisfied with good (Psa. 104: 28).
Thou....satisfiest the desire of every living thing (Psa. 145: 16).
God shall fulfill every need of yours (Phil. 4: 19).

III. Continuous Supply:
The barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail (16).
Mercy shall follow me all the days of my life (Psa. 23: 6).
They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing (Psa. 34: 10).
He will be our guide even unto death (Psa. 48: 14).
Your heavenly Father feedeth them (Matt. 6: 26).

1. "The ravens brought him bread and flesh;....and he drank of the brook." (1) Constant needs; (2) Continuous supply; (3) Strange means; (4) Sure supervision.
2. "She, and he, and her house, did eat many days." (1) Many beneficiaries; (2) Many days; (3) Much provision.—(1) Man's ever-recurring wants; (2) God's ever-abounding supply.
3. "The barrel of meal wasted not, ...according to the word of the Lord." (1) The word of promise; (2) The deed of fulfilment.—(1) Sufficiency assured; (2) Sufficiency bestowed.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

FAMINES OF BIBLE HISTORY.

In Abraham's days (Gen. 12 : 10).
In Isaac's days (Gen. 26 : 1).
In Joseph's days (Gen. 41 : 53-57).
In the days of the judges (Ruth 1:1).
In David's days (2 Sam 21 : 1).
In Elijah's days (1 Kings 17 : 1 ; 18 : 6).
In Elisha's days (2 Kings 4 : 38; 6 : 25).
In Jeremiah's days (Jer. 14 : 1).
During the siege of Jerusalem (2 Kings 25 : 3).
After the captivity (Neh. 5 : 1-3).
In the Christian era (Matt. 24 : 7 ; Acts 11 : 28).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—The kings of Judah during the interval were: Rehoboam, Abijam, Asa, and Jehoshaphat. The kings of Israel were: Jeroboam; his son Nadab; Baasha (a usurper who destroyed the family of Jeroboam); Elah his son; Zimri (who assassinated Elah and reigned only seven days); Omri, the general of the army (who overcame a rival named Tibni); and Ahab, his son. The lesson belongs to the time of Jehoshaphat and Ahab. Jeroboam received several prophetic warnings about his idolatry, and the destruction of his race was predicted. War with Judah continued during the entire reign of Jeroboam. Asa, the contemporary of six kings of Israel, induced Benhadad, king of Syria, to attack the northern kingdom, but was rebuked for this by a seer (2 Chron. 16 : 7-19). Ahab married Jezebel, a heathen princess, and introduced the worship of Baal. He is described (1 Kings 16 : 33) as doing more to provoke Jehovah to anger than all the preceding kings. Incidentally, mention is made of the judgments upon Hiel, who rebuilt Jericho in the days of Ahab (1 Kings 16 :34).

PLACES.—The margin of the Revised Version names "Tishbeh," probably the home of Elijah; but it cannot be identified. It is uncertain whether the prophet spoke to Ahab in Samaria, the new capital of Israel (1 Kings 16 : 24) or in Jezreel, which was farther north. The brook Cherith ("gorge") was some stream flowing into the Jordan, suitable for hiding. Robinson favors Wady Kelt, near Jericho. This would be a good hiding-place, but was very remote from the land of Sidon, to which Elijah journeyed next. Zarephath (Greek, Sarepta; now, Surafend) was in Sidonia, on the coast, about seven miles southward from Sidon.

TIME.—About sixty-five years after the revolt under Jeroboam. According to the usual chronology, about B. C. 910. Ahab took the throne about B. C. 918 or 919, and had certainly reigned a number of years when Elijah appeared.

PERSONS.—Elijah the Tishbite, the greatest of the Old Testament prophets; Ahab, the wicked king; a poor widow of Zarephath.

INCIDENTS.—Elijah appears before Ahab and predicts a long drought; the prophet is bidden by the Lord to hide himself by the brook Cherith; there he is fed by the ravens; when the brook finally dries up, he is sent to Zarephath, with the promise that a widow there will sustain him; meeting her at the gate of the city, he asks for water; as she goes to get it, he asks for bread also; her answer reveals her great poverty; the prophet bids her prepare a meal for him, promising that the Lord, the God of Israel, will keep her supplied as long as the drought lasts; this promise is fulfilled, and Elijah is fed by the heathen widow, whose scanty supply proves unfailing.

There is no parallel in 2 Chronicles to the account of Elijah's ministry.

A Trade Mark Instead of a Name.

"Bertha M. Clay," says the *Epoch*, is not a name, but a trade mark with a rather curious origin. Mrs. Braeme was English, and her books first came over as advance sheets from Conway, her London publisher. They were signed "B. M. C.," the author's initials written backward. Who B. M. C. was was one of those things no fellow on this side could find out. The American publisher knew that his readers did not like mere letters. They wanted names—the more high-flown the better. He wrote B. M. C., Bertha M. Clay, and sent a man to England to find out out all about her. By much diplomacy he at last got in communication with her, and paid liberally for work to which, under our laws, he had only a courtesy title.

Italy is experimenting with pens electrically controlled for the determination of the speed attained by a vessel between floating objects thrown from the deck of the vessels herself.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

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CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, JAN. 22.

PATTISON GOES IN.

Inauguration with Fitting Ceremonies at Harrisburg.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 20.—The ceremonies attending the induction into office of Governor Robert E. Pattison are proceeding under the most propitious circumstances. The city is in gala attire. The principal buildings are adorned with bunting, tastefully draped, and private dwellings are gay with the national colors. The streets are thronged with people and the sounds of martial music and the tread of marching men are heard on every side.

Shortly before noon the governor's party were escorted from the executive mansion to the capitol by the Eighth regiment, the governor's troop, and the Ringgold band, of Reading. The party included Governor Pattison and Governor Beaver, the governor's staff, the judges of the supreme court, the joint inaugural committee, Adjt. Gen. Hastings, Maj. Gen. Snowden, Brig. Gens. Gobin, Wiley and Dechert, together with their staff officers, and Messrs. William F. Harrity, William U. Hensel and William McClelland.

Administering the Oath.

The party proceeded to a platform erected over the steps of the portico, where Rev. Dr. T. C. Swallow, of the Ridge Avenue Episcopal church, opened the ceremonies with prayer. Then Chief Clerk Smiley, of the senate, read the certificate of election, after which Judge Clark, the senior Democratic judge of the supreme court, administered the oath of office to Mr. Pattison. The new governor then delivered his inaugural address, the ceremonies closing with the benediction.

The party then adjourned to the senate chamber, where the oath of office was administered to Lieutenant Governor Louis A. Watres and Secretary of Internal Affairs Thomas J. Stewart. At the conclusion of these ceremonies the governor and party took a position on the reviewing stand, facing State street at the foot of Capitol hill.

The Parade.

There the new governor reviewed a procession of about 5,000 enthusiastic citizens of the Keystone state, under the generalship of Chief Marshal Asbury Awl. The line, while including a few military organizations, was principally composed of political clubs, most of them neatly uniformed. The following clubs were conspicuous for their fine appearance:

Pattison club, Danville, 60 men; Central Democratic club, Harrisburg, 125; Democratic Colored State league, 40; Young Men's Democratic club, Lancaster, 200; Young Men's Democratic association, Philadelphia, 150; Robert S. Patterson club, Philadelphia, 250; Young Men's Democratic battalion, Philadelphia, 100; Cohocksink club, Philadelphia, 200; Twenty-ninth Ward Pattison club, 200; Jefferson club, Philadelphia, 100; Randall club, Pittsburg, 200; Americus club, Reading, 150; Central Democratic club, Scranton, 75; Young Men's Junior Democratic club, York, 50 to 75; Pottsville battalion, 75.

The parade covered the following route: Out Market street to Fourth, to Chestnut to Front, to Walnut to Third, up Third—passing the reviewing stand—to Broad, to Second, to North, to Front, to State.

Festivities of the Evening.

This evening there will be a display of fireworks on Market square, and from 9 till 11 o'clock Governor and Mrs. Pattison will hold a reception at the executive mansion. They will be assisted in receiving by Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Watres, Secretary of Internal Affairs and Mrs. Stewart, Speaker Thompson and wife, President pro tem. Penrose, W. U. Hensel, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Harrity, Humphrey D. Tate and wife, and ex-Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Black. The day's festivities will conclude with an inaugural ball at the Armory of Company D, on North Second street.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 16.—The state legislature, as required by law, met in joint convention at noon yesterday in the hall of the house for the purpose of counting the vote cast for state officers last November. Lieutenant Governor Davis, who presided, made the formal announcement of the election of Pattison, Watres and Stewart. Nominations for United States senator were made in both houses. The Republicans nominated Cameron, the Democrats Senator Ross and Chauncey F. Black, and Farmer Taggart, of Montgomery county, was named as an Independent candidate. The speaker said that the committees would not be announced until next week and the house adjourned till Tuesday. In the senate the Democrats prevented the confirmation of appointments made by Governor Beaver.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 17.—Senator Robinson moved that the senate go into executive session for the purpose of taking up the nominations sent in by the governor. Senator Ross, of Bucks, said he hoped the senator from Delaware would not press the motion at this time. He said misapprehension existed as to the attitude of the Democratic minority. They had no intention of antagonizing either the Republicans or Governor Beaver. A precedent was established in 1887, by which no confirmations were made until after the inauguration of the governor. The Democrats simply desired to keep the precedent.

The senate agreed to take up Governor Beaver's appointments on Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 8 p. m. Then bills were introduced by Mr. Neeb, making eight hours a day's work in the institutions of the state; by Mr. Hines, providing for the safety of employes.

Burned a Barrel of Ink.

SCRANTON, Pa., Jan. 19.—At 2 o'clock a. m. the editors and printers employed on The Scranton Republican discovered smoke coming in dense volumes up the elevator way. The composing and editorial rooms are on the fifth floor and there was a great scramble for the street. The smoke was caused by the burning of a barrel of ink in the basement, which did not damage the building.

Black Nominated for Senator.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 20.—The Democrants of the hause and senate in joint caucus nominated Chauncy F. Black for United States senator.

HILL FOR SENATOR.

His Nomination by the Democratic Caucus Yesterday.

DAVID B.'s PRESIDENTIAL CHANCES.

Will Weed Wage War—Hill's Treatment of Him Unfavorably Criticised—Possible Trouble in 1892—The Republicans Give Senator Evarts a Unanimous Renomination.

ALBANY, Jan. 20.—In the Democratic caucus yesterday Governor Hill was nominated for United States senator to succeed Senator Evarts. The nomination was by acclamation. It is understood the governor will accept.

DAVID B. HILL.

Senator Jacobs presided at the caucus. There were no complimentary nominations, and only one name, that of Governor Hill, was presented. Senator Sheehan placed the governor in nomination, and Senator Cantor seconded it. Then the roll was called in order to put every member of the legislative majority on record.

The Republican caucus renominated Hon. William M. Evarts for United States senator.

What Will Weed Do?

What will Smith M. Weed do? Now that David B. Hill is to take the United States senatorship, speculation runs high as to the attitude which the worsted Plattsburg statesman will assume.

There is no question that Weed was held in the balance for months, and never gave up hope that he would get the senatorship until Hill announced that he would take the office himself. The Weed people believe that Hill has been making a scapegoat of Weed to hold the Democratic phalanx solid for Hill. They see no reason why if Hill intended to go to the senate he could not have announced the fact to Weed two months ago.

Weed Kept on the Fence.

He has kept Weed on the tentor hooks during all that time, holding out crumbs of hope to him at every occasion. Whether true or not, the Weed men claim that Hill was bound by solemn promise to give the office to Weed. It was a generally accepted fact for years that if the Democrats carried the legislature Weed was to have the senatorship. Hill will now have the difficult task on his hands of reconciling his Plattsburg friend to accept the situation philosophically.

Weed controls many of the northern counties, and has hundreds of followers who will obey his behest blindly. Should Weed decide that Hill's actions warrant a full measure of revenge, the fur will fly in the northern counties if Hill receives the grand nomination in 1892.

Hill's Presidential Chances.

There are other Democratic leaders besides Weed who are disappointed by Hill's decision. It is well-known that Speaker Sheehan was earnestly opposed to the decision of Hill. Sheehan had a firm conviction that Hill would injure his chances of becoming president by going to the senate. This, of course, is a mooted question, there being many prominent Democrats who disagree on the expediency of such a step.

But Sheehan, who is solicitous for his captain, saw the most potent objections to such a course and advised strongly against it. There are many who fancy that Hill himself was hesitant about the advisability of the step and only came to his conclusion when he had discovered to his satisfaction that the situation imperatively demanded that harmony could alone be maintained by his acceptance of the office.

Dangerous Possibilities in View.

The claim that eighty-one votes are required to elect a United States senator is vigorously contended by the Democratic leaders. The meaning of the State constitution on this point is vague. It is claimed that the correct interpretation of the ambiguous clause in the constitution regarding this question would permit a majority of the members present at the joint session to elect, provided a majority of each house were present.

So there are dangerous possibilities in view for the Democrats, whatever interpretation may be made of the provision in the state constitution for the election of a United States senator.

Missed His Footing.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 20.—James Burkhart, a bricklayer, fell from the sixth story of the New Chittenden hotel where he was employed. Having finished his day's work he started to descend by way of a short ladder from the roof to the floor of the sixth story. He missed his footing and dashed through the elevator shaft eighty-five feet to the ground. He was alive and conscious when reached by his companions, but it is thought that his injuries may be fatal.

Request for an Increase Refused.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 20.—Grand Chief Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, sought a conference with General Manager Bradbury, of the Lake Erie and Western, in regard to the request of the engineers for an increase of pay. Mr. Bradbury said he had a contract with the engineers, and after several hours' discussion of the demand, flatly refused to make any advance.

Potters on Strike.

FINDLAY, O., Jan. 20.—About 100 men and women employed in Bell Bro's. pottery went out on strike on account of a cut in the schedule of wages. They have requested the Western Potters' brotherhood to keep all other potters away from this city.

THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS has won the foremost place among Pennsylvania newspapers by the liberality, enterprise, and fairness with which it conducts its business, reports great events, and the completeness with which it records, day by day, the life of the city, State and country.

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The printing of news is always its first business but its columns are also enriched by contributions from the most gifted special writers, the most famous nevelists and some of the most eminent public men of the time. The literary engagements already made for 1891, probably surpass in number and variety, and nearly equal in cost, any contemporary magazine, for the field and resources of such a newspaper as THE PRESS make it not only a daily historian, but a daily forum and a daily tribune.

Its steadily growing profits and its steadfast constituency not only demand, but insure progress. The greatest authors, as well as the brightest news correspondents, find their largest profits derived from any Pennsylvania newspaper, as well as their best Pennsylvania audience, in DAILY, SUNDAY, and WEEKLY PRESS.

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FOR SALE.—One gray mare eleven years old, good family beast, drives single or double, weighs eleven hundred, for further particulars nquire at this office.

CLOTHING : AT : COST.

For the purpose of making certain changes in the organization of our business, and changing the entire line of our stock, as consisted at present, we shall offer our entire stock of

Men's Clothing & Furnishing Goods Boots & Shoes

from now until December 1st—these goods must be sold

LOOK AT THESE PRICES.

Men's Suits reduced to	$3 50,	old price	$5 00
"	4 00	"	6 50
"	4 75	"	6 75
"	5 00	"	7 00
"	5 75	"	8 00
Men's Fine Black Suits	$ 5 00	were	$ 9 00
"	5 75	"	9 50
"	6 00	"	9 75
"	7 50	"	10 00
"	8 50	"	11 00
"	10 00	"	15 00
"	11 00	"	16 00
"	13 50	"	18 00
Men's Overcoats at	$2 25	Old price was	$ 3 75
"	2 50	"	3 90
"	3 00	"	4 00
"	4 50	"	6 75
"	5 00	"	7 50
"	6 50	"	8 50
"	7 50	"	11 00
"	8 75	"	12 00
Dittle Boys Suits,	$1 15	Old price	$2 00
"	1 25	"	2 25
"	1 50	"	2 50
"	2 00	"	3 00
"	2 50	"	3 50
"	3 00	"	4 50
Men's Pants reduced to	$ 50	Old price	$ 90
"	75	"	1 00
"	1 20	"	1 75
"	1 50	"	2 25
"	2 00	"	3 50
"	2 50	"	3 75
"	3 00	"	4 75
"	3 25	"	5 00

Boys' overcoats from $1 50 on up, last year, $5 50
Men's Undershirts and Drawers at 20c apiece.
All Wool Red Undershirt and Drawers, 45c each,

Men's Flannel Overshirt at 62, 75, 99c and $1 00.
Men's Fine Flannel Dress Shirts, 95c, $1, 1 25, 1 50
Men's Heavy Undershirts and Drawers, 45c, old price 60c.
Gent's Fine Neckties, 40 and 43c, were 50 and 75
" " 15, 20 and 25c, were 25 to 35
Men's Overalls from 30c up.

Big Boys' Suits	$2 00	Old price was	$4 00
"	2 75	"	4 00
"	3 25	"	5 00
"	3 75	"	5 50
"	3 90	"	5 75
"	4 00	"	6 00
"	4 50	"	7 00

Boys' Knee Pants, 20 and 25c, were 35 to 50c.
" 35, 40 to 50c, were 50 to 75c.
" 40, 50 to 75c, were 90 to $1.

Men's Boots, $1 65, 1 75, $2, 2 25, 2 50, $3, old price $2 50 to 4 75.

One special lot of Men's Single Coats, 75c, $1, 1 25, 1 50, 2 00, 2 50, old prices were nearly double that.

Men's winter caps, 20, 25, 30, 40, 50c, old price 40 to 75c.

Men's gum shoes, 45c, price elsewhere 65 to 75.

Men's working shoes, 1 15, 1 25, price elsewhere, 1 35 to 1 75.

Men's Fine Dress Boots, 2 35 to 2 50, elsewhere 3 00 to 3 50.

Men's Fine Dress Shoes, 1 50, 1 75, elsewhere 2 00 to 2 50;

Men's Fine Shoes, 1 90, 2 25, elsewhere 2 25 to 3 50

We could go on and quote for whole pages like reductions, but have not the space. We intend to convert our entire clothing stock inside of the next 60 days and we propose to save you at least 20 to 30 per cent. in your purchases.

This is not merely a blow to make money but is an actual bona fide reduction of all men's wearing apparel at wholesale cost prices for the purpose of making some radical change in our stock and to commence business on January 1st, or thereabouts, with an entire different line of goods. Remember that our entire stock is nearly all goods purchased this season. In our Dry Goods and Dress Goods we have the most complete stock in the county.

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"DUPLEX" ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CURLER AND CRIMPER.

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¾ SIZE.

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DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Sirs:—Last Summer I cured a Curb upon my horse with your celebrated Kendall's Spavin Cure and it was the best job I ever saw done. I have a dozen empty bottles, having used it with perfect success, curing every thing I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad Spavin that made him lame. He asked me how to cure it. I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. He cured the Spavin in just three weeks.
Yours respectfully,
WOLCOTT WITTER.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 4, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Dear Sirs:—I have been selling more of Kendall's Spavin Cure and Flint's Condition Powders than ever before. One man said to me, it was the best Powder I ever kept and the best he ever used.
Respectfully,
OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

CHITTENANGO, N. Y., May 19, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Dear Sirs:—I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success, on a valuable and blooded mare that was quite lame with a Bone Spavin. The mare is now entirely free from lameness and shows *no bunch on the joint.*
Respectfully, F. H. HUTCHINS.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

MONROE, La., May 3, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Gents:—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for your far famed Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a four year old filly which I prized very highly. She had a very severe swollen leg. I tried about eight different kinds of medicines which did no good. I purchased a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure which cured her in four days.
I remain yours,
MARION DOWDEN.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

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Funerals attended with a very fine Hearse.

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BECKER'S Patent Washing Machine Improved approaches nearer the old method of hand rubbing than ny device yet introduced to the public. Easy worked and washes perfectly clean. Circulars free. N. C. BAUGHMAN,
[Mention The Reporter.] YORK, Pa.
May152m.

THE WAR IS OVER.

The Discontented Sioux Come Into Pine Ridge Agency.

CONDITIONS OF THE SURRENDER.

Hostiles Are to Give Up Their Guns, but This Agreement Will Be Shirked—But One Chief Hereafter and His Name is Gen. Miles—Indian Children to Attend School.

PINE RIDGE, S. D., Jan. 16.—All the Indians are now in camp south of the agency. The troops have moved round on their flanks to prevent any escape. Gen. Brooke, with an escort of the Ninth cavalry, had a conference with Gen. Miles and returned to his command last night. Gen. Schofield has been wired that the war is over and that he can dispose of the troops now here as he sees fit. Short Bull, the last of the hostile chiefs to pay his respects to Gen. Miles, came to headquarters yesterday.

Under the conditions of the surrender the hostiles are to give their guns to their chiefs, who are to bring them to Agent Pierce. It is certain, however, that the best weapons will be cached, and that the guns the government will get will be only fit to go to the junk shop. The other conditions of surrender are that there is to be but one chief, and his name is Gen. Nelson N. Miles, whose commands must be promptly obeyed in the future, and that all the children of the Sioux must be enrolled on the rosters of the industrial schools.

Lieut. Mann, of the Seventh cavalry, who was shot in the groin at Wounded Knee, died at Ft. Riley. His death is the thirty-sixth among the soldiers of this famous regiment.

A Scheme to Count Out Boyd.

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 17.—Petitions are being circulated over the state asking the legislature for a recount of the ballots of the November election. This

POWERS—THAYER—BOYD.

is supposed to be a scheme of the independents to get possession of the ballots of Douglass county in which Omaha is situated for the purpose of counting out Boyd and seating Powers as governor.

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 19.—The long vigil of ex-Governor Thayer during the exciting scenes of the opening of the legislature, when he remained in his apartments thirty hours for the purpose of keeping out Governor Boyd, has resulted in a dangerous attack of nervous prostration. Last night the ex-governor was a raving maniac, and physicians say his condition is alarming, owing to his age. He is 75 years old.

A Big Canadian Failure.

MONTREAL, Jan. 20.—McLachlen Bros. & Co., wholesale drygoods dealers, are in financial difficulties. The liabilities are between $700,000 and $900,000, chiefly due to their bankers, the banks of Toronto, Commerce, Merchants' and Molson. English houses are also creditors to the extent of $100,000. The firm have not been successful since the compromising entanglement they got into with he customs departm ent some years ago, when they were accused of passing fraudulent invoices, and that for years they had systematically defrauded the government out of thousands of dollars. A heavy fine was imposed at that time.

Raiding the Oyster Beds.

CAMBRIDGE, Md., Jan. 17.—The oyster police steamer Thomas, Capt. Howard, has arrived, having Commander Seth on board. The general states that he never intended to abandon the civil law, and that he proposes to enforce it. Since it was given out that no arrests would be made for violation of this law, Choptank oystermen have been catching and bringing to this market, and selling to buy boats, the smallest ever seen here, and thousands of bushels of unmarketable oysters have been destroyed.

Train Robbers at Work.

BROWNSVILLE, Tex., Jan. 20.—A train on the Rio Grande railroad between here and Point Isabel was wrecked and robbed by fifteen masked men. They placed obstructions on the track, derailed the train, held up the passengers and got away with about $20,000 in Mexican money which was en route for shipment at Brazos by the steamboat Morgan to New Orleans.

A Veteran Sailor Dead.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Jan. 20.—Capt. John McGowan, who commanded the famous steamship Star of the West, which was fired on by the rebels, Jan. 9, 1861, in Charleston harbor, while endeavoring to relieve Fort Sumter, thus really receiving the first shots of the rebellion, died at his residence in this city, at the age of 86. He was in the service of his country fifty-three years.

Gallinger Succeeds Senator Blair.

CONCORD, N. H., Jan. 16.—The Republican caucus to nominate a United States senator to succeed Senator Blair was held last night. On the second ballot Dr. Jacob H. Gallinger received 120 votes; Henry W. Blair, 48; P. C. Cheney, 18; scattering, 5. The nomination of Gallinger was made unanimous.

Archer's Sureties Must Pay.

TOWSON, Md., Jan. 17.—The jury in the Archer bond case has returned a verdict against the sureties for $60,000. Archer was the defaulting state treasurer. He is now serving a sentence of five years in state prison, pleading guilty to a charge of embezzlement.

The Dobsons Will Rebuild.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 19.—The loss by the burning of the Dobson carpet mills, at Manayunk, on Friday night, will reach $1,500,000, with $1,000,000 insurance in 400 companies. More than 3,500 hands were thrown out of employment. The mills will be rebuilt at once.

CONGRESSIONAL RESUME.

The Week's Work of the Fifty-first Congress.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—The house continued the consideration of the army appropriation bill without reaching a vote.

The senate passed a few bills of minor importance. Senator Sherman spoke for four hours against the finance bill.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—The house passed the army appropriation bill. The District of Columbia appropriation bill was taken up and debate limited to five hours.

The senate remained in session for fourteen hours and a quarter, and after passing the Stewart free coinage and several other amendments, agreed to a substitute offered by Mr. Vest—a purely free coinage bill. Mr. Ingalls made a brilliant and sensational speech in favor of free coinage.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—The house devoted most of its session to a discussion of conference reports on public building bills. The speaker appointed Messrs. Dingley, Payne, Rowell, Oates and Peel a committee to investigate the alleged silver pool. The free coinage silver bill was received by the house and sent to the speaker's table, and subsequently referred to the committee on coinage, weights and measures.

After routine business in the senate, the election bill was considered and Mr. Evarts addressed the senate in its support. Mr. Hoar gave notice that at noon Friday he would ask the senate to remain in session until the disposal of the bill.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—The house continued the consideration of the District of Columbia appropriation bill. In the evening bills were passed giving pensions of $50 a month to Gen. Franz Sigel and $100 a month to Gen. N. P. Banks.

The election bill occupied the senate all day and nearly all night. Messrs. Pasco, Dixon, Reagan and others spoke. During the evening session business got into an interminable muddle on account of the multiplicity of amendments and points of order.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—The session of the senate which commenced at noon Friday did not end until 6 p. m., Saturday, when adjournment was had. The election bill was under consideration all the time, but no perceptible progress was made, the senators simply talking against time.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20.—Most of the session of the House was taken up by political speeches and assaults upon the speaker by the Democrats for past rulings. Only one bill of minor importance was passed, and at 5:20 the house adjourned.

In the senate an hour and a half was consumed discussing a point of order raised by Mr. Gorman, taking issue with the vice president's ruling last Friday, to the effect that an appeal from the decision of the chair of a non-debatable question was itself not debatable. The matter was finally dropped, and after the introduction of a number of bills the elections bill was then taken up, and Mr. George addressed the senate in opposition to the bill.

GEORGE BANCROFT DEAD.

The Long and Useful Career of the Great Historian.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—The community was greatly shocked Saturday evening by the news that George Bancroft, the venerable historian, was dead. Death occurred at 3:40 o'clock. The end was quiet and peaceful and came after a period of unconsciousness lasting about twenty-four hours.

It has been decided to hold funeral services at 11 o'clock to-morrow morning in St. John's Episcopal church. The interment will take place at Worcester, Mass., where Mr. Bancroft's wife is buried.

George Bancroft was born Oct. 3, 1800. He was a native of Worcester, Mass., but his life had so long been passed in other towns and states that the exact place of his New England birth was seldom kept in mind. He was five years a student in Germany, he lived several years in Springfield, and several in Boston; he was in Europe for many years as an American minister; he lived in New York for several years, and he had had homes in Washington and Newport.

He received the best education which the times afforded. After preliminary training in the famous old school at Exeter, he entered Harvard college and graduated at the early age of 17. He then went to Europe, and for some years was a close student under the best minds of the day.

Mr. Bancroft was a Democrat. Andrew Jackson received his support, and so did Van Buren. In 1838 Van Buren made him collector of the port of Boston. Four years later the Democrats of Massachusetts made him their candidate for governor, and he polled a very large vote, though not enough to give him the office in that Whig state. When Polk was elected president he called Mr. Bancroft into his cabinet as secretary of the navy. It was in his time that the naval academy at Annapolis came into being, with other improvements of great influence thereafter in the development of the navy. Mr. Bancroft's next services in a public office were not rendered until 1867, when he was made minister to Russia by President Johnson. A year later he was transferred to the North German Confederation, and in 1871 to the newly framed German empire. From the latter post he was recalled, at his own request, in 1874.

But it was as a historian that Mr. Bancroft's name will live as long as the language in which he wrote. The first volume of his "History of the United States" was written in 1834. The others appeared at irregular intervals, his public services interfering more or less with the preparation of them.

A Fraud Upon the Negroes.

ATLANTA, Ga., Jan. 20.—This city is being filled with negroes from the west who have been promised happiness in Africa. The scheme of the emigrant agents is to promise passage from Savannah to Africa for $1.02 each; each single man ten acres of land; each married man twenty-five acres and $100 in money; this to come from the United States government. A few days ago Atlanta negroes sent $1,500 to the headquarters of the supposed company at Washington. Tickets reading from Savannah to Africa were given in return, but now the agent announces that the ships are not ready and the passengers must wait. All efforts to show them they are being defrauded are unavailing.

A Universal Female Notary.

NEW YORK, Jan. 17.—Mrs. Ella F. Brannan, of No. 1270 Broadway, has received from Attorney General Miller a commission as notary for the District of Columbia, to which office she has been appointed by the president. She is the first woman ever appointed to this position. Mrs. Brannan holds a like office for forty states and territories and provinces. The woman's suffrage party are in high glee over the president's appointment.

A Baby with Two Faces.

DANVILLE, Ky., Jan. 19.—Mrs. William Freeman, of Jessamine county, gave birth to a female child which had two perfectly formed faces. They are located at right angles on either side of the front of the head. Both at the same time exhibit the same signs of the child's feelings, both crying or in repose as the child's humor changes. When last heard from the infant was doing well.

The Indiana Soldiers' Monument.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 19.—The soldiers' monument commission has determined to ask for an appropriation of $67,000 from the present legislature, with which to complete the monument which was begun two years ago, and for which $350,000 has been appropriated.

A BIG CUT!

)o(

The Knife Put Into Prices!

)o(

Owing to a contemplated change in my business, I offer my entire stock of goods at greatly reduced prices.

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MEN'S SUITS REDUCED FROM $18 00 to $12 00
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A GENUINE REDUCTION

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Overcoats, Pants, Shirts, Underwear, Gloves, Hats, Trunks and Valises at reduced prices.

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department is abundantly supplied with fall and winter wear, purchasing to supply the wants of customers. A large stock of

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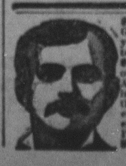
TEN CENTS WORTH of Breaker Powder (high estimate) will cure a 16-pound turkey, worth [low estimate], $2. Profit, 1900 per cent.

A CAN of Breaker Powder, worth a quarter a can (high estimate,) will save a 400-pound porker worth (low value) $24. Profit, 7400 per cent.

IT'S LIKEWISE the best remedy on earth for horses, cattle and mules. It's worth a quarter a can, or 1 9-16 cents a tablespoonful. Set your own value on your own animal and see what the percentage of profit it will be.

Compounded by the Breaker Remedies Co., Hazleton, Pa *Ask your dealer for it.*



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PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division and Northern Central Railway.

Time Table, in effect December 14, 1890.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD.

9.27 a. m.—Train 14. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Williamsport, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 3.15 p. m., New York, 5.50 p. m., Baltimore, 3.10 p. m., Washington, 5.35 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all sea-shore points. Through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

1.30 p. m.—Train 8. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.50 p. m., New York, 9.35 p. m., Baltimore, 7.45 p. m., Washington at 8.15 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

7.45 p. m.—Train 6. (Daily.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.25 a. m., New York at 7.10 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.00 a. m.

1.20 a. m.—Train 4. (Daily.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.50 a. m., New York, 9.50 a. m., Baltimore, 6.20 a. m., Washington, 7.30, a. m. Pullman sleeping cars to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.26 a. m.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

10.23.—Train 15. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

2.05 p. m.—Train 11. (Daily except Sunday.) For Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Rochester.

5.54 p. m.—Train 1. (Daily except Sunday.) For Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

9.15 p. m.—Train 21. (Daily) For Williamsport and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR MONTANDON FROM EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 15 leaves New York 12.15 night, Philadelphia 4.30 a m, Baltimore 4.45 a m, Harrisburg 8.10 a m, (Daily) arriving at Montandon 10 25.

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8.50 a m, Washington 8.10 a m, Baltimore 9.00 a m, Wilkesbarre 11.17 a m, (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 2.03 p m, with parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 1 leaves New York 9.00 a m, Phila., 11.40 a m; Washington at 10.50 a m, Baltimore at 11.45 a m, Wilkesbarre 3.12 p m, (daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon at 5.54 p m, with through passenger coaches from Phila. and Baltimore.

Train 21 leaves New York 2.00 p m, Philadelphia 4.25 p m, Washington 3.30 p m, Baltimore 4.32 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon 9.15 p m.

Train 3 leaves New York at 8.00 p m, Philad. 11.25 p m, Washington 10.00 p m, Baltimore, 11.20 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon at 5.36 a m, with through Pullman sleeping cars from Phila., Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.

Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.				STATIONS.	Eastward.		
P M	A.M.	A.M.			A M	P.M.	P M
2 15	10 25	5 50		Montandon	9 20	1 50	5 45
2 25	10 35	6 20		Lewisburg	9 10	2 00	5 35
2 35		6 30		Biehl	9 00		5 25
2 40		6 35		Vicksburg	8 53		5 20
2 50		6 45		Mifflinburg	8 43		5 10
3 05		7 00		Millmont	8 27		4 55
3 14		7 08		Laurelton	8 17		4 46
3 48		7 43		Paddy Mountain	7 43		4 12
4 00		7 53		Coburn	7 30		4 00
4 08		8 01		Zerby	7 21		3 52
4 17		8 10		Rising Spring	7 12		3 43
4 25		8 18		Penn Cave	7 00		3 35
4 30		8 24		Centre Hall	6 58		3 28
4 37		8 32		Gregg	6 51		3 23
4 43		8 37		Linden Hall	6 43		3 16
4 48		8 42		Oak Hall	6 38		3 11
4 52		8 46		Lemont	6 34		3 07
4 57		8 51		Dale Summit	6 29		3 03
5 06		9 00		Pleasant Gap	6 19		2 55
5 10		9 04		Axemann	6 14		2 49
5 15		9 10		Bellefonte	6 10		2 45

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 10.00 a m, 1.15 and 7.30 p m. returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.35 a m, 1.35 p m, 6.00 p m, and 7 45 p m

CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't.

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For Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and *all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.*

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Mrs. Mary Livermore, Melrose, Mass.
Mr. E. C. Knight, Philadelphia.
Mr. Frank Siddall, Merchant, Philadelphia.
Hon. W. W. Schuyler, Easton, Pa.
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Mrs. Emma Cooper, Utilla, Span. Honduras, C A
J. Cobb, Ex-Vice Consul, Casablanca, Morocco.
M. V. Ashbrook, Red Bluff, Cal.
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And thousands of others in every part of the United States.

—o—

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A WINTER HYMN.

WINTER reigneth o'er the land,
Freezing with its icy breath;
Dead and bare the tall trees stand;
All is chill and drear as Death.

Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the Summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

Sunny days are past and gone;
So the years go speeding past;
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

Life is waning; life is brief;
Death, like Winter, standeth nigh;
Each one, like the falling leaf,
Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.

But the sleeping earth shall wake,
And the flower shall burst in bloom,
And all nature rising, break
Glorious from its wintry tomb.

So, Lord, after slumber blest
Comes a bright awakening,
And our flesh in hope shall rest
Of a never-fading Spring. Amen.

W. W. H.

BESSIE'S FOLLY.

BY WALTER F. JACKSON.

A lovely young girl in a dark blue riding habit runs lightly down the shallow steps, and, scarcely touching her escort's extended hand, springs into the saddle of the magnificent black steed in waiting.

"Isn't he a splendid creature?" she says, patting the proudly arched neck with one gauntleted little hand. "I don't believe he is half as vicious as they say he is, captain."

"Perhaps not," replied her companion. Then, glancing at the thoroughbred's lithe limbs, flowing mane and great, fiery eyes, he added: "Since you are determined to ride him, Miss Bessie, let us hope so, at least."

With the last words, he swings himself into the saddle of his own horse, and the two are about to ride away, when they are checked by a deep, musical voice saying behind them:

"Miss Raymond, you surely do not intend to ride that brute."

Bessie Raymond's dimpled cheeks crimson. She looks back at the speaker, a tall, elegant figure, standing on the hotel's broad piazza, with brown eyes almost aflame.

"You can see for yourself," is her sharp reply. "Did I not tell you last night that I meant to do so?"

"But"—with a slight elevation of his dark brows—"I thought you were jesting. When you spoke of trusting yourself upon his back, I warned you that his record was a bad one, and advised you if you valued your life to keep away from him."

"Advised!" Bessie's red lip curls. "You may call it advice Dr. Lane, but it was given in the tone of a command. The fact that you are a friend of my father's gives you no right to control my actions, and you need not attempt to assume it. Will you kindly remember this in the future?"

The physician smiles—a smile that makes the girl secretly wither.

"I have no desire to control your actions," he says tranquilly. "It is true that your father, when he learned I was to spend a few weeks in this place where you are summering, begged me to look after your welfare as might an elder brother or an old family friend; and this I have tried to do; though I never yet presumed to do more than advise you. As you find even that distasteful, however, I beg to assure that henceforth I will annoy you no more."

"Is there a tone of mockery in his low, deep voice? It seems to the girl that a laughing demon is looking at her out of his sphinx-like gray eyes.

Her own grow darker, and her little teeth close on lips that have now become ashen.

"Thank you," smiling palely. "You can be generous, it seems. But"—turning to her companion—"we waste time. Let us go."

"One moment," interposes the physician. He comes down the steps and appeals to the man. "Harrell," he says, "you know something of that brute. Can you not dissuade Miss Raymond from riding him?"

The young officer shrugs his shoulders hopelessly.

"I have done my best, my good sir, and failed. You need have no fears, however. Though Black Hawk is an ugly brute, I flatter myself that I can control him. Miss Bessie is in no real danger while under my charge, you may rest assured."

"Is she not?" says the other, with his cool, slow smile.

Then, bowing to Bessie, who accords him but a slight inclination of her haughty little head, he slowly turns away.

A little later, as the two horses go cantering down the graveled drive and out into the winding mountain road, Bessie lifts her angry dark eyes to her cavalier's blonde face, saying passionately:

"What a bear he is! In some way he is always making one feel so small. How does he do it? What—*what* makes him so hateful?"

Captain Harrell laughs.

"You appear to like him even less than I do, Miss Bessie. Surely, you have a better reason for it than that which appears on the surface." The girl's cheeks grow scarlet.

"He is a grim, icy, masterful sort of a creature," she says, "haughty as Eblis and selfwilled as a Czar. How could any one fancy such a man as that?"

"How indeed," asserts Captain Harrell.

He smiles a little as he speaks. He believes that wounded self esteem is at the bottom of Bessie's dislike of Dr. Lane. The slavish homage that most men pay to the little beauty is a homage in which the physician has had no part. He is not one of the humble, sighing kind. Whatever he may secretly feel, he has always treated the young lady with a cool, courteous indifference that she has found galling in the extreme.

"He is hateful," she cries, her eyes full of angry tears—"odious."

"I am truly glad you think so," the captain says. "For do you know"—leaning toward her with an air of eager pleading—"I had begun to fear that it was different with you—that—that, in fact, you cared for him."

"I!" exclaims the girl, starting violently and giving the reins a quick jerk. Black Hawk shies and throws up his maned crest with a snort. "I!" she repeats, in a choked voice. "You must be—"

"Take care!" cries the captain. "I—My God!"

He makes a desperate clutch at the steed's bridle, but he is too late. With a rear and a plunge, Black Hawk takes the bit between his teeth, and, with flattened ears and glaring eyes, hurls himself up the road like a living thunderbolt.

An ejaculation of horror breaks from the officer's lips. It is echoed by a shriek from Bessie. The bridle having been torn from her grasp, she is clinging with both hands to Black Hawk's streaming mane, while she looks back with dilating eyes, crying affrightedly:

"Oh, help me, captain! Save me!"

Harrell stares after her helplessly. He is for the time incapable either of speech or action. Then his eyes instinctively turn to the right where a bridle path leaves the road, cutting through a dense growth of oak and hickory. This path, straight as a bowstring, reaches the curving road about a quarter of a mile farther on, shortening the distance to that point nearly a third. Urging his horse forward with whip and heel, Harrel dashes into it, muttering through colorless lips:

"If I fail to reach there in time to stop him, may Heaven have mercy on her! She will certainly be thrown when he goes plunging down the steep descent beyond."

The thought turns him cold. He leans forward, straining his eyes down the path along which his horse is flying. On—on they rush—away, away, away!

But stop! Here is the road. Is he too late! No. Back yonder he hears a loud rattle of hoofs, and through a cloud of upwhirled dust catches a glimpse of black and blue. Black Hawk is coming—coming like the wind. With nerves far from steady, Harrell slips from the saddle and runs out into the road. As he does so, he hears a clatter of hoofs on his right, but he does not turn to look. His shrinking gaze is on the maddened steed rushing down upon him.

The next moment his quailing heart sends him reeling backward pale and gasping. The sight of that avalanche of brute force charging straight toward him has well-nigh paralyzed him. Not even for *her* can he rush upon the certain death that here seems to await him.

A faint cry breaks from Bessie's lips. Though he has failed her she beholds a second figure, that has suddenly appeared upon the scene, leaping from the back of a horse near the roadside, and bounding into the way before her. As he wheels there, confronting the blazing-eyed, foam-flecked black demon dashing toward him, she sees the pale granite-like face of Dr. Lane.

With that smile upon his lips that she knows so well, and a glint as of steel in his deep gray eyes, he springs straight at Black Hawk's froth-dripping jaws, clutching the bit with hands of iron.

A short but furious struggle follows, the black rearing and plunging, and striving, but vainly, to strike down the physician with his terrible hoofs. While the result is still in doubt, the doctor more than once being lifted from his feet, and swung to and fro like a pendulum, Bessie manages to slip from the saddle to the ground. "Loose him!" she cries, her voice quivering with the anguish of fear. "Loose him for Heaven's sake! He will kill you, doctor!"

A low, fierce laugh and a savage jerk at the bit is Dr. Lane's only reply. At the same moment, however, Black Hawk ceases to struggle, and stands before him with a bowed head, meek and trembling.

"There!" says the victor, passing his hand soothingly over the shining black muzzle. "I think the evil spirit is exorcised for the time."

"Doctor," says a sweet and humble voice beside him.

He looks round. A very white little Bessie, her face enframed with a tangle of soft brown curls, her lovely eyes wide and brimming, stands with clasped hands looking up at him.

"Well?" he smiles.

She draws a long deep breath, her mouth quivering wistfully.

"Why did you follow us?" she falters. "Why did you risk your life for me?"

At this the rock like calm of his face is broken. A burning glow sweeps into his cheeks, while his eyes grow tender and dazzling.

"Because"—in tones whose passionate sweetness makes her heart leap—"I love you, little one."

Her cheeks are no longer pale. The lilies give place to mantling roses.

"You love me?" she murmurs, dreamy-voiced. "You do, really?"

"Better than life," is the fervent response. "More than tongue can tell."

The dark lashes sink over her half-dazed eyes.

"Oh, if I had known!" she utters tremulously. "I thought you despised me, believing me nothing but a human butterfly; and it made me so hard and bitter against you; because—because—Oh!" covering her tingling cheeks with both hands, "I mustn't tell you that. But won't you—do, please—try to forgive me for—for treating you so badly?"

"It only you will be kind to me through all the future," he says, with grave tenderness.

She gives him a glance so lovely in its promise that an answer in words seems quite unnecessary. At least, such is the view that Captain Harrell, coming up at this juncture, takes of the matter.

Poor Harrell! Though Bessie cuts short his stammering apologies, and is very kind and gracious to him, the shame he suffers makes him sick and sore. It will be many a day before he forgets the result of that morning ride with Bessie, now Mrs. Dr. Lane, among the Carolinian mountains.

IT is well to be eminent, but to feel eminent is a misfortune.

EXCUSES.

Have you ever thought what very dangerous things are excuses? They are so much more convenient to give than real reasons, and we unconsciously lose sight of the fact that they easily lead to misrepresentation. If a plausible excuse will cover the true motives of an action that we would rather conceal, we have little compunction in giving it, and we would be startled sometimes if we realized how nearly it borders on deliberate untruth. It is better to be silent and leave the reasons for a course of conduct to the inference of others, than to try to palliate judgment by offering well-sounding excuses we know to be fallacies.

It has been said that woman, in her inherent desire to please, more readily excuses herself than does a man—who, with that fine indifference characteristic of our "lords of creation," and perhaps, based on the power they feel is theirs by right of creation, disdains to make use of such inuendoes! How true this may be, I do not know; but, I am very sure, both men and women are too much given to making statements as to "why and wherefore," that are very wide of the mark. They do it in all innocence every day; they say, "I do so and so for such and such a reason." It is "a good excuse," but when they consider the matter closely, they find they do "so and so" from very different causes. They do not mean to falsify, but it is done.

In "polite society," the excuses given for refusing invitations, etc., are perhaps the most harmless kind, for it is well understood that the real reasons are not expected; it is generally the case in fashionable society that the appearance is everything. What sounds well and looks well is proper, and reality is ignored. With the creed that it is vulgar to be conscious of any unpleasantness—anything unsightly, and it may be added, anything true—genuineness is a jewel, even rarer than consistency.

Making excuses sometimes places one in an exceedingly awkward position. A clerical gentleman once subscribed for a paper through the agency of a lady friend. At the expiration of his subscription, his friend did not solicit it again, but—being a kindly soul who likes to do a good deed in a quiet way, and thinking, perhaps, he did not feel able to renew—sent the money for it herself, without his knowledge. So the paper still came to him, he thinking it was sent by the publisher to elicit his renewal. As he had first received the paper through the lady friend, he wrote to her asking her to order it stopped for him, as "he had so many other periodicals to read, he did not have time to give this one any attention!"

His amiable friend, recognizing the situation, and to give him a small lesson in careful use of excuses, forthwith ordered the paper to be sent to some other address, and communicated with the quondam subscriber to the effect that it had been a present to him, but if not read by him, of course it was useless to send it longer, etc. Imagine his chagrin? To be sure, the periodical was quite acceptable as a *gift*, but not wishing to invest his money that way, he had given what seemed a "good excuse" for its discontinuance. If the circumstances had not been just as they were, he would doubtless never have reproached himself for claiming as a reason, that which was only a cover to the true one. Would it not have been better for him to have retained the excuse?

Those of us who are so in the habit of making excuses on all occasions, would find, by testing the matter, that we could very easily dispense with them. When you cannot give the real reason, remain resolutely silent; and even if you can give the real reason, it is generally better taste, unless called directly to account, not to do so. The best excuses in the world are, in fact, tiresome things. Some letter writers are lavish in their use, and it is an unconscionable bore to have to wade through two or three pages of excuses before coming to anything of interest. If circumstances were such that you found it an impossibility to reply to your friend's letter in the time limited by polite custom, give your reasons in as few words as possible and dismiss the subject. It is the height of rudeness, unless under unusual circumstances, to ignore a letter for months, and then answer by a superfluity of excuses for the remissness. Your friend knows that you could have sent *some* acknowledgement, if you had considered it a matter of sufficient importance, so the excuses are a tiresome redundancy, the omission of which would make a more readable letter.

"I haven't time" is an excuse that has been harped upon until it is utterly meaningless; it is the rarest instance that it is given with truth. So many women say, "I haven't time to read," "I haven't time to write letters," "I haven't time to do this nor the other thing." It is almost invariably a pretense, and simply means, "there are other things I would rather do than read or write letters, etc." We are very prone to give our time to what most pleases us.

A girl will sew and do fancy work until her form is stooping, and her complexion sallow, and say, "I haven't time to walk and take out-door exercise." She has the time—each day has twenty-four hours for her, as well as anyone else—but she prefers devoting her time to dress and such vanities, so she does it. It is all a matter of preference, and I am sorry to say, the majority of women choose the least important things, and have not "time" to preserve their health and cultivate their minds. The woman who will persistly do this, under the cover of flimsy excuses, seems possessed of a mild, but most injurious form of lunacy. It is hard to know how to reach them, they are utterly incorrigible and exasperating. Eleanor Kirk says it does no good to call them "fools," for she has tried it.

I believe we would be amazed if we knew how very few excuses we could get on with. Since I have come to consider the matter I have noted that almost invariably an excuse may just as well be dispensed with; above all things, do not let us form the habit of saying, "I haven't time!" The most provoking and deluded creature on earth is the woman who devotes her soul and body to frivolities, and, when questioned as to why she doesn't do something else, sweetly murmurs, "*I haven't time!*" I cannot express what I think of her in polite English; but it recalls to my mind the words of the poet—

"O, frailty thy name is woman!"

HELEN C. HOLLOY, in *Woman's Work*.

PERSONAL.

MRS. JOHN B. GOUGH is in a critical condition from spinal trouble and is almost helpless.

THE Princess of Wales has given no countenance to the high-puffed sleeves. Her Royal Highness and her daughters have never worn them.

JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY is just thirty years old. He has published eleven books and seven plays. He is tall and thin, with a very small head. He has traveled much in Persia, and has an intimate acquaintance with the literature of that country.

RUSSEL SAGE is quoted as saying: "I never lent a dollar which was returned to me unless legally secured. I never backed a note I didn't have to pay, and I never recommended a man for a situation who didn't turn out to be as mean as he could. I now let other men run the philanthrophy business.

MRS. WHITELAW REID, wife of the American Minister to the Republic of France, is regarded in Paris as an ideal diplomate. Her house is sumptuous, her hospitality, both official and personal, unbounded, her dressing costly and in perfect taste, her manners simple, kindly and elegant, and her French irreproachable.

QUEEN ELIZABETH of Roumania, who is perhaps even better known by her pen-name of Carmen Sylva than by her royal title, has not earned her literary title by the sacrifice of other duties. She is constant in her efforts to better the condition of the women of her kingdom, visits among the poor, and is the idol of the children and work-people in the neighborhood of her home at Kastell Pelesch. There is a pretty story current of the tender nursing she bestowed upon a peasant's child, who sickened and died of diphtheria, drawing its last breath in the Queen's arms. Carmen Sylva is especially fond of wearing the pretty Roumanian peasant dress, while keeping her *villeggiatura*.

ADMIRERS of Wilkie Collins will be interested in learning that a neat, unadorned marble cross has been erected over the novelist's remains, in the northern part of Kensal Green Cemetery. On the base of the memorial, underneath the name and date of birth and decease, appear the words "Author of *The Woman in White* and other Words of Fiction." The grave is only separated by a few yards from Sydney Smith's tomb, which, like that of Leigh Hunt, also situated in the north side of the grounds, gives evidence of faithful tending. On the monument of the latter the full name of the poet is inscribed—James Henry Leigh Hunt—with the unconventional and unique epitaph: "Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.

A writer, H. C. Adams, Ph. D., in *The Chautauquan* for January gives a graphic description of "How the People are Counted" and says that women seem to be better adapted than men to the nimble work of managing the machines used in the Census Office. He quotes from the Superintendent of the Census as follows:

"The average number counted by the women clerks was 9,590 families or 47,950 persons, and by men clerks 6,587 families or 32,935 persons. Thus it will be seen that the women averaged nearly one-half more than the men. It is also worth noting that of the forty-three who counted more than 10,000, thirty-eight were women and only five men."

From an article on "What it Means to be a Stenogragpher" in the *Business Woman's Journal* for December we copy the following:

"A young lady who goes into an office with the intention of learning the business and making herself necessary to her employers can always find plenty to do. In many offices where there is not much stenographic work, the stenographer is expected to do other office work, such as sending out circulars, registering letters, etc.; and the one who does such work cheerfully and is always ready to turn her hand to anything, is the clerk who will be retained, when, on account of hard times or for any other reason, the office force is cut down.

"I am acquainted with a young lady, a good stenographer, who lost a very desirable position for the simple reason that she was not willing to do anything except her stenographic work. Talking to her employers in regard to her discharge, they said: 'We have no fault to find with Miss A——'s shorthand work. She is the best stenographer we have ever had in our office, but the trouble is that she is not willing to do anything else. When we ask her to direct envelopes or fold circulars, or to to answer the telephone, she either refuses or does it so grudgingly as to make us feel very unpleasant. If we had enough shorthand work to keep her busy all the time we would not ask her to do these things, but she has three or four hours of leisure every day and we consider her time belongs to us while she is in the office.'

"In this manner the employer was correct in his views and the young lady made a fearful mistake in not being accommodating."

The Star of Bethlehem.

The so-called star of Bethlehem is again visible this year, being its seventh appearance since the birth of Christ. It comes once in three hundred and fifteen years, and is of wondrous brilliancy for three weeks, then it wanes, and disappears after seventeen months. It will be a sixth star added to the five fixed stars in Cassiopeia, while it remains in sight.

THE manner of expression is derived from the right, and always subordinate to it.

A Bright Young Woman.

There is a bright young woman now crossing the ocean on a Cunarder who is having lots of fun out of a voyage she has fairly earned. A year ago, when the Paris exposition first begun to be talked of here, she suggested to her father the propriety of letting her go over this summer with a party of friends to see the exposition and improve her French in Paris. Her father with a masculine blindness to golden opportunities, declined on the threadbare plea that he couldn't afford it.

"Very well," said his daughter, with unexpected aimiability. "Will you give me the money I usually spend for a summer trip toward it if I earn the rest myself?"

"Yes, I'll do that," said her father readily.

"Will you give it to me now?" asked the daughter. Her father looked a little suspicious. Finally he replied:

"Yes, I'll give it to you now, if you'll promise not to spend it and strike me for a fresh supply next summer."

The bargain was made and the long headed young woman took the check and went calmly on with her plans for multiplying it, closely though secretly watched by her somewhat skeptical parent.

Like most other girls, she had her share of feminine accomplishments. She sang a little, embroidered a little, carved wood a little. But, unlike most other girls, she did one thing well and that was to paint china. She had studied the art very carefully and turned out many unique and artistic Christmas and wedding presents for her friends. But she was often disappointed in her most carefully-executed work by some blunder in the firing, and so, she knew, were many of her friends who painted less skillfully than she. How to remedy this had long been a problem with her, and for some time she had cherished a scheme of having a furnace and doing her own firing, and perhaps her friends too, for friendship's sake.

The scheme she now proceeded to carry out, risking in it the capital her father advanced. But she had confidence enough in her own mechanical and business capabilities not to feel that it was a very great risk. She employed a reliable dealer, who built for her a compact and convenient little kiln in the cellar of her fathers brown stone front. She experimented thoroughly with her own work before she took any other. When she found she could trust her own skill she let her friends know that she would fire their china for them at the same rates she had formerly paid herself. It was not long before she had patrons. The girls she knew came at first because it was so easy to run over to her house with a frail bit of porcelain and not run the risk of sending it. She did each piece as if it were her own, carefully and lovingly, knowing from experience the startling changes produced on the delicate coloring by a degree too much of heat.

Her friends brought their friends. Soon she could wait to light the furnace till she had enough china for a day's work. She made from $5 to $10 every day that she worked. She paid the expenses of running the furnace, and when she was ready to start for Europe had money enough for all her expenses, including a new Paris gown and an extra check of $100 besides from her proud father, who talks of taking her into his business when she comes back.

A New Invention.

A firm in Chicago engaged in the manufacture of tin cans and japanned ware has patented an invention which, competent judges say, will revolutionize the tin and steel industries of the world. Patents have been secured in the leading countries of the world. It is a process by which molten lead may be rolled into any desired shape, thus saving all intermediate processes.

The molten metal is passed between rollers, which is chilled as it passes, the rollers being kept cool by a stream of water which passes through them. Another advantage is that iron and steel so rolled will be much more even and closer in texture than that made by present methods, being free from air holes which result from the intermediate processes.

IN months of sun so live that months of rain shall still be happy.

FORTUNES are made by taking opportunities; character is made by making them.

IF young men will not believe in themselves no man or woman can believe in them.

THERE is one thing about death: It never complains that it doesn't know how to take some people.

REMEMBER that impertinence isn't wit any more than insolence is brilliancy.

FURNITURE FASHIONS.

Common camp chairs are made very ornamental by covering with plush and finishing the edge with tiny silk tassels.

A beautiful toilet set is of pale blue plush, with a painted border of apple blossoms, and a finish of antique lace around it.

In parlor decorations every window should have lace drapery to start with. Whether lace or heavy draperies is used lace is essential.

A handsome cover for a round table is of plush, with a border of wide-flowered ribbon, with the design outlined with gold tinsel cord, the edge finished with gold fringe.

A present caprice is to cut off the corners of rooms with curtains or screens. Madras, sateen or silk and wool fabrics may be used in the manufacture of these devices.

Chair cushions of plain plush are much used. They may be finished with heavy silk cord and tassels at the corners, or simply tied to the chair at the four corners with wide ribbon bows.

Light carpets are just now used for parlors. In figures anything that will bring soft effects are used. Halls and stairs are carpeted in shades of terra cotta and blue, but parlors and chambers are mostly light.

Another is made with a square of madras, with the design outlined with tinsel cord, either all over or in a four-inch border, as preferred. Line with sateen of a contrasting color, and simply hem the edge,

The use of rugs is continually increasing. No house with or without carpets is complete without rugs. Rooms seem unfurnished without them. These may be as rich and costly as the purse will allow.

The damask figures in breakfast and tea cloths may be outlined with cotton or silk, either all over or as a border, and add greatly to the beauty of the table. If there be a sideboard it has its embroidered scarf of some wash material.

Scarfs for draping easels, picture frames, mirrors, etc., are of bolting cloth, which is a gauzy material of exquisite texture, made of the strongest silk threads. Silk embroidery is very pretty for the decoration, but painting is far handsomer.

In chamber draperies the coin spot is used most. Coin spots vary in size from that of a ten cent coin to twenty-five cents, fifty cents and a dollar. They are trimmed with either white cotton ball fringe or tassel fringe, and come four inches below the sill of the window, tied back with cotton or a piece of white ribbon.

Many chambers are furnished with cotton fabrics. A Frenchman is the only person in the world who can handle cotton to perfection. Goods can be dyed in the sun so perfectly that they will not fade by any amount of exposure to the sun. In furnishing a nice chamber the entire furniture, bedspread, bolster and all, are covered with the same material.

Decorated wood baskets for a parlor or bedroom are very pretty. Procure a common splint market basket about twenty inches wide, and cover the slats with metallic or lustra paints, using two shades, and alternating the colors on the slats. Line with light blue cambric or any color to match outside, and tie the bows of broad satin ribbon to the handle at each side.

Plucky Maude Andrews.

Maude Annulet Andrews is a plucky Georgia woman, who has made her way into a prominent place in journalism. She was born in a small village and her education was desultory. The desire to write, however, burned strong in her from earliest girlhood, and when finally she sent her first verses to "Life" and "Puck," and both papers accepted the MSS. she determined to start for New York and enter the largest field in America. She wrote the New York correspondence for the "Atlanta Constitution," but the remuneration from these letters alone was not sufficient compensation, and failing to obtain regular work here, she was obliged to return to Georgia. She went to the office of the "Constitution" and asked bravely but modestly for a place on the staff. She was so quiet and courageous that she got what she asked for and she is now one of the best known of women journalists. The trial article which she submitted to Mr. Grady, the editor, was the MS. of the poem of the Jester, which was afterward accepted by the "Century."

THE shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once.

A GOVERNMENT of the people would not be afraid of the "upper ten."

MOTHER NATURE AND HER TWELVE CHILDREN.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE, IN "DETROIT FREE PRESS."

Old Mother Nature was sitting by a bright fire with her twelve children around her, when there came a loud knock at the door. Three or four of the boys started to open it, but made so much noise that she made them sit down again and opened it herself. The school-master, whose name is Father Time, stood on the step. After bidding her "good afternoon" he said it had been a long while since he had called on account of always having so much to do, but as he had just finished his almanac for the next year, and sent it to the printers, he thought he could spare half-an-hour and give himself that pleasure, and after he had entered and seated himself, he also said he didn't know where there could be found another such a fine family of children, and at this Mother Nature smiled approvingly and told January to recite the piece he had learned for the school exhibition. He knew it would be useless to refuse, so getting up he began (forgetting as most boys do to make his bow):

"The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then, poor thing?
He will sit in the barn to keep himself warm
And hide himself under his wing, poor thing!"

He started for the door before he had hardly finished, but his mother called him back to hear little February, who was the smallest in the family, and who recited in a little shrill voice:

"Thirty days hath September
April, June and November.
All the rest have thirty-one
Excepting February alone
Who hath but four and twenty-four
Till leap-year gives her one day more."

This made the old gentleman laugh till he choked, for he had divided the days himself, and as they did not come out even, he thought February would not care if she didn't have quite as many as the other months, she was so good natured, and now to have it put in rhyme seemed very funny.

March never could learn easily so he did not know anything to speak, but his mother suggested that he should whistle, as whistling was now very fashsion able. He imitated the wind, and did it so perfectly that Father Time pounded with his stout stick on the floor and said, "my! what a rough night it is going to be." You never could tell what April would do, so no one was surprised when she hopped up from her seat, made a pretty curtsy to the schoolmaster and said as quickly as she could rattle it off.

"April showers, bring forth May flowers."

And sat down with a flirt of her violet gown. Her mother was mortified at her not saying more, for she knew any number of beautiful verses that had been written about her, being a great favorite with the poets, but perhaps it was just as well, for blue-eyed May recited a long poem by Tennyson, every verse of which ended:

"For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen of the May."

It was very touching and the schoolmaster, at its conclusion, wiped away a tear.

June was the beauty of the family. She would never wear shabby clothes and to-night looked beautiful in a rose-colored mantel dotted with butterfly-wings. She threw a kiss to the admiring visitor and said:

"The rose is red.
The violet blue.
The pink is sweet
And so are you."

This certainly was not the proper way to treat such a dignified elderly person, but will you believe me, he seemed to enjoy it and actually threw a kiss back, which made July and August laugh so heartily that their mother was afraid they could not sing their duet in which they imitated the katydids and crickets, but they did sing it, and sang it beautifully too, and it was followed by their tall brother September's song "The Mocking Bird," in the chorus of which all joined.

"It was in the mild September.
I remember, I remember."

October's song was "Harvest Home," November recited Hood's poem "November" and jolly December ended the entertainment with:

"'Twas the night before Christmas."

And when he finished the schoolmaster declared he had not made such a pleasant call in a great while and again told Mother Nature that he believed there was never such a fine family as hers. H. P. H.

Money invested in choice one hundred dollar building lots in suburbs of Kansas City will pay from five hundred to one thousand per cent. the next few years under our plan. $25 cash and $5 per month without interest controls a desirable lot. Particulars on application. J. H. Bauerlein & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

In the German tests of the Maxim gun 34,000 rounds were fired from a single barrel, and the rifling was not materially injured until after 20,000 steel bullets had been discharged.

Afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

An orange measuring a foot in circumference has been found in Starke, Fla.

"Woman Her Diseases and Their Treatment" A valuable illustrated book of seventy-two pages sent free, on receipt of 10c., to cover cost of mailing, etc. Address, P. O. Box 1926, Phila., Pa.

Much improvement has been made in securing color tints in pictures. One process combines a heliotype print with lithographic tints Better work of this class is constantly being turned out.

Lee Wa's Chinese Headache Cure. Harmless in effect, quick and positive in action. Sent prepaid on receipt of $1 per bottle, Adeler & Co. 522 Wyandotte St., Kansas City, Mo.

A small battery has been brought out which promises to be very useful to young electricians. The outfit includes a six-candle power lamp, and a battery lasting a couple of hours on continuous work.

Oklahoma Guide Book and Map sent anywhere in receipt of 50cts. Tyler Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Executions are public in Ecuador, and the musket is the instrument of death.

Rheumatism

Is of two kinds, acute and chronic. The former is accompanied by high fever, and in the swollen joints there is intense pain, which often suddenly changes from one part of the body to another. Chronic rheumatism is without fever and not so severe, but more continuous, and liable to come on at every storm or after slight exposure. Rheumatism is known to be a disease of the blood and Hood's Sarsaparilla has had great success in curing it. This medicine possesses qualities which neutralize acidity, and purify, enrich and vitalize the blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

About 4500 species of wild bees and 1100 species of wasps are known. Great Britain has 170 species of the former and sixteen of the latter.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Australian cannibals show a great preference for Chinamen, whose rice diet is supposed to make their flesh especially sweet and tender.

Nature's Trinity.

Digestion, nutrition and excretion are in continued activity from the cradle to the grave, to create and preserve our bodies against the abuses of appetites and ignorance. Sound digestion and healthy nutrition only produce pure blood and active liver, kidneys, skin and bowels must excrete and carry off waste or we are sick. These organs are stimulated only through the blood, not by mercury and poisonous minerals but pure harmless vegetables adapted to each, easily absorbed and easily carried off—nothing has ever surpassed—nothing equals. The St. Bernard Vegetable Pill handed down to us from Hypocrates. A sample of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills will be sent *free* to all applicants. Address, St. Bernard, Box 2416, New York.

St. Louis, Mo., has a Dress Suit Club, the members of which pay $5 a month and decide by lot who shall purchase a dress suit out of the funds.

For Coughs and Throat Disorders use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—"Have never changed my mind respecting them, except I think better of that which I began thinking well of."—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.* Sold only in boxes.

Within a distance of five or six squares in Philadelphia, near Chestnut and Walnut streets, 200 physicians have been counted.

Those who use Dobbins' Electric Soap each week (*and their name is legion*) save their clothes and strength, and let the *soap* do the work. Did *you* ever try it? If not, *do so* next Monday *sure*. Ask your grocer for it.

Guaranteed five year eight per cent. First Mortgages on Kansas City property, interest payable every six months; principal and interest collected when due and remitted without expense to lender. For sale by J. H. Bauerlein & Co., Kansas City, Mo. Write for particulars.

Of the original thirteen States, Delaware was the first to ratify the constitution, doing so on December 7, 1787. Rhode Island was the last, on May 29, 1790.

We are all free American citizens, enjoying our personal liberty; but most of us are in physical slavery, suffering from scrofula, salt rheum or some other form of impure blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier which gives physical liberty.

Two fig trees in California are thirty feet high and bear 1000 pounds of fruit each year. The man who owns them naturally thinks that there is money in the fig business.

Timber, Mineral, Farm Lands and Ranches in Missouri, Kansas, Texas and Arkansas, bought and sold. Tyler & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Take in your hand a crystal quartz, a stick of deal, a daisy and an acorn and you will not find in them a single element of matter that is not also found in your physicial frame.

Frazer Axle Grease.

There is no need of being imposed on if you will insist on having the Frazer Brand of Axle Grease. One greasing will last two weeks.

A service of carrier pigeons is to be established between Zanzibar and Lake Nyassa, in Africa. The stations will be thirty miles apart.

Do You Ever Speculate?

Any person sending us their name and address will receive information that will lead to a fortune. Benj. Lewis & Co., Security Building, Kansas City, Mo.

A line of railway through Alaska to Cape Prince of Wales to connect with the Russian railway system through Siberia is said to perfectly feasible and the future is sure to see it accomplished.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

A torpedo net constructed of interlocking steel rings is soon to be put to a practical test.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A fox loosed for a chase at Pottstown, Penn., got the better of sixteen horsemen and several packs of hounds and escaped.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

The British Admiralty engineers are conducting experimental ninety-six-hour runs of boilers under forced draught at Portsmouth.

Takes 1000 people to buy Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, at 50 cents a bottle, to make up $500.

One failure to cure would take the profit from 4000 sales.

Its makers profess to cure "cold in the head," and even chronic catarrh, and if they fail they pay $500 for their over-confidence,—

Not in newspaper words but in *hard cash!* Think of what confidence it takes to put that in the papers—and *mean* it.

Its makers believe in the Remedy. Isn't it worth a trial? Isn't any trial preferable to catarrh?

After all, the mild agencies are the best. Perhaps they work more slowly, but they work *surely*. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are an *active* agency but *quiet* and *mild*. They're sugar-coated, easy to take, never shock nor derange the system and half their power is in the mild way in which their work is done. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One a dose. Twenty-five cents a vial. Of all druggists.

NOTHING ON EARTH WILL **MAKE HENS LAY** LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER

Highly concentrated. Dose small. In quantity costs less than one-tenth cent a day per hen. Prevents and cures all diseases. If you can't get it, we send by mail post-paid. One pack, 25c. Five $1. 2 1-2 lb. can $1.20; 6 cans $5. Express paid. Testimonials free. Send stamps or cash. Farmers' Poultry Guide (price 25c.) free with $1.00 orders or more. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

ASTHMA.

Popham's Asthma Specific

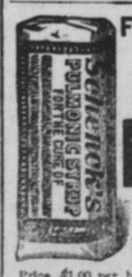
Gives immediate relief. It is believed to be the Best ASTHMA Remedy known to humanity. Send for a Trial Package FREE. Sold by Druggists. Sent by mail, postpaid, for $1 per Box. Address, THOS. POPHAM 2001 Ridge Avenue, Philadelphia.

FOR FIFTY YEARS!

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.



For Coughs and Colds

There is no Medicine like

DR. SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP.

It is pleasant to the taste and does not contain a particle of opium or anything injurious. It is the Best Cough Medicine in the World. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, $1.00 per bottle. Dr. Schenck's Book on Consumption and its Cure, mailed free. Address Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia.

For a Disordered Liver Try BEECHAM'S PILLS. 25cts. a Box.

OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc., thoroughly taught by MAIL. Circulars free. Bryant's College, 457 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y

How to Learn Modern Languages Without cost. Address Linguist, Hartsdale, N. Y

FURS Highest prices paid for raw **FURS** B. BLOSVEREN, 32 Bond St., New York.

PATENTS F. A. LEHMANN, Washington, D. C. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

VERY SIMPLE.—He advertised: "Send ten cents and learn how to find the day of the month without a calendar."

Ten cents was sent, and the instruction was given:

"Find out the date of the day before yesterday and add two.

POETIC WISDOM.—Dauber (struggling artist)—"What do you suppose the poet meant by the words, "Art is long, but life is fleeting?"

Frank Friend (examining Dauber's last picture)—"I think likely the poet meant that life is too short for some folks to learn to paint.

WANTED EVERYTHING. Legal Luminary—"You say you took five thousand dollars. How much more cash is left in the safe?"

Defaulter—"About five thousand more."

Legal Luminary—"Go back and get it. In a case of this magnitude my retainer is always ten thousand dollars."

A VALUABLE MAN.—Strawber—"That was a pretty good trick that was played on a gas company in Chicago. A fellow out there disconnected his meter, put a rubber tube around it and for months they didn't discover that he had been robbing them."

Singerly—"What did they do with him then?"

Strawber—"They made him one of the directors of the company."

HUMOROUS.

A FAILURE.—Mrs. McCrackle—"Did you try that deaf mute servant I sent you?"

Mrs. McCorkle—"Yes, but she didn't answer."

OFFENSIVE VIRTUE.—"Why, Tommy; why did you slap your sister Ethel?"

"She was so plagued good, mamma, I couldn't help it."

SELF HELP.—"Is your son doing anything for himself now, Barkins?"

"Oh, yes. George ties his own cravats now."

THE DEAR GIRLS.—Ethel—"How do I look in this dress?"

Maud—"Charming. Isn't it wonderful how much a dress can do for one?"

AN IMPOSSIBLE OPERATION.—Smithers—"Wonder why they don't have a pork syndicate?"

Blimbers (country bred, contemptuously)—Did you ever try to corner a pig?"

PERSIFLAGE IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.—"Humph!" sneered the ass as he encountered the zebra. "You look like an escaped convict."

"Possibly," retorted the zebra. But no one ever takes me for an ass.'

AN INNOCENT AMUSEMENT.—Husband—"What have you been doing all day?"

Wife—"Shopping."

Husband—"Oh! Only shopping. I was afraid you were buying."

ACCOMMODATING.—Wanderer—"Kind dame, can you give me a place to lay me down and die?"

The Kind Dame—"Certainly. Just go up to the barn. My husband is the county coroner an' he hain't had a case for a month.

A DARK SECRET.—She—"Mrs. Curry was telling us girls how her husband proposed to her and how do you suppose he did it?"

He—"Well I should say in the dark by mistake."

THE BACHELOR'S POINT OF VIEW.—Nurse—"Oh, ma'am, the baby's sucked all the paint off that new toy his uncle gave him!"

Mother—"How awful!"

Bachelor Uncle—"Never mind; I didn't pay very much for it."

STRUCK OUT.—Hoolahan (out late to stranger)—"And phwat's the toime sir?"

Stranger—(suspiciously, knocks Hoolahan down)—"It just struck one."

Hoolahan—(bewildered)—Begorra, oime glad oi didn't ax yez an hour ago."

A WOMAN OF FAMILY.—"So Fordham Highfs has married Mrs. Bronson, eh?"

"Yes. I'm surprised, too. She is a woman of no family."

You must be mistaken. Fordy told me she had five children."

AN HONEST CONFESSION. Look here, Tyler. My friends are all guying me about this suit of clothes. I thought you said you never kept clothes out of style.

Tyler—I *don't* keep 'em I *sell* 'em.

A WORTHY EXAMPLE.—Mrs. Trotter—Jane, didn't I hear you say "In the soup" just now?

Jane—Yes, ma.

Mrs. Trotter—Well, you don't want to say it again. It's vile slang. Pattern after me in your language if you want to be up to snuff.

SAFE HARBORAGE FOR ALL SCRAPS. "There's a time for everything," remarked Mrs. Slim, when one of her boarders kicked at hash being set before him.

"Well, I guess this is the time," replied the kicker, as he closely examined his dish.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Nothing Else Will Do It.

We have volumes of evidence to prove that S. S. S. is the only permanent cure for contagious Blood Taint.

I suffered for five years with the worst form of blood poison, during which time I was attended by the best physicians I could find, and tried numbers of proprietary medicines without any beneficial results. I continued to grow worse all this time, until my whole system was destroyed by the vile disease, my tongue and throat having great holes caused by it. I then commenced taking Swift's Specific (S. S. S.), and in a few months I was entirely cured, and to this great medicine do I attribute my recovery. This was over two years ago, and I have had no return or any effects of the disease since, and my skin is to-day as smooth as anybody's. William Sowers, Covington, O.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC S S S

is as near infallible as it is possible for a medicine to be in the cure of Blood poison.

Books on Blood and skin diseases free. The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

—ELY'S CREAM BALM—Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores Taste and Smell, and Cures

CATARRH

Gives Relief at once for Cold in Head.

Apply into the Nostrils.——It is Quickly Absorbed.

50c. Druggists or by mail. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH, RED CROSS **PENNYROYAL PILLS** DIAMOND BRAND

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for *Chichester's English Diamond Brand* in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse Substitutions and Imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, plain wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Madison Square, Sold by all Local Druggists. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZLETINE, Warren, Pa.

Strange indeed that

A PLAIN THING

like SAPOLIO should make everything so bright, but "A needle clothes others, and is itself naked". Try it in your next house-cleaning

What folly it would be to cut grass with a pair of scissors! Yet people do equally silly things every day. Modern progress has grown up from the hooked sickle to the swinging scythe and thence to the lawn mower. So don't use scissors!

But do you use SAPOLIO? If you don't you are as much behind the age as if you cut grass with a dinner knife. Once there were no soaps. Then one soap served all purposes. Now the sensible folks use one soap in the toilet, another in the tub, one soap in the stables, and SAPOLIO for all scouring and house-cleaning.

If you have a **COLD or COUGH,** acute or leading to **CONSUMPTION,**

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES *OF LIME AND SODA*

IS SURE CURE FOR IT.

This preparation contains the stimulating properties of the *Hypophosphites* and fine *Norwegian Cod Liver Oil.* Used by physicians all the world over. It is *as palatable as milk.* Three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil. A perfect Emulsion, better than all others made. For all forms of *Wasting Diseases, Bronchitis, CONSUMPTION,* Scrofula, and as a Flesh Producer there is nothing like SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is sold by all Druggists. Let no one by profuse explanation or impudent entreaty induce you to accept a substitute.

Howe's celebrated No. 19 Strings. 7 for $1.00. **VIOLIN** Strongest Strings in the World. Full set 4 Graded Strings 60 cts. Best Italian Strings 20c. each. 1500 Rare Old Violins and 600 kinds of New Violins, Violas, Cellos and Bases, 75c. to $3,500. Violin Cases, Bows, Necks, Tops, Backs, Varnish and all fittings. Music Books for all Instruments. Best assortment, lowest prices in America. Send for catalogue. ELIAS HOWE, 88 Court St., Boston, Mass.

$2.50 PER DAY ALL WINTER

Can be made easy by any energetic person selling "CHAMPION PASTE STOVE POLISH." No brush required. No hard labor. No dust or dirt. Always ready for use. An article every housekeeper will buy. 216,000 packages sold in Philadelphia. Exclusive agency for one or more counties given competent person. Write to-day enclosing stamp for particulars. You will never regret it. Address CHAMPION CO., 44 N. Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not effected by heat. GET THE GENUINE.

FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

PENSIONS NEW LAW CLAIMS. Apply to Milo B. Stevens & Co. Attorneys, 1419 F St., Washington, D. C. Branch Offices, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago.

INVENTIONS 60 asst'd beautiful Silk & Satin pcs. enough to cover $30 so. ins. 50c. post. 25c. LEHMAN'S SILK MILL, Little Ferry, N. J.

TACOMA $100 or $1000 Carefully Invested here bring ANNUALLY from TWENTY to Test us. TACOMA INVESTMENT CO., TACOMA, WASH. **100%**

ASTHMA DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE **CURED** never fails; send us your address, we will mail trial FREE. POSTAGE PAID. THE DR. TAFT BROS. M. CO., ROCHESTER, N.Y. **FREE**

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES Sure relief. Price 25 cts. **ASTHMA.** by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

DROPSY TREATED FREE. Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured thousands of cases. Cure patients pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear; in ten days at least two-thirds of symptoms removed. Send for free book testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial, send 10c. in stamps to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

-VASELINE-

FOR A ONE-DOLLAR BILL sent us by mail we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United States, all of the following articles, carefully packed:

One two-ounce bottle of Pure Vaseline,	10 cts.
One two-ounce bottle of Vaseline Pomade,	15 "
One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream,	15 "
One Cake of Vaseline Camphor Ice,	10 "
One Cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented,	10 "
One Cake of Vaseline Soap, exquisitely scented,	25 "
One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline,	25 "
	$1.10

Or for postage stamps any single article at the price named. On no account be persuaded to accept from your druggist any Vaseline or preparation therefrom unless labelled with our name, because you will certainly receive an imitation which has little or no value. Chesebrough Mfg. Co., 24 State St., N. Y.

SIG Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

Trade Mark. $1.00. Druggists.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, LONDON, ENGLAND.

BAGGY KNEES POSITIVELY REMEDIED. Greely Pant Stretchers. Adopted by students at Harvard, Amherst, and other Colleges, also, by professional and business men everywhere. If not for sale in your town send 25c. to B. J. GREELY, 715 Washington Street, Boston.

FITS STOPPED FREE. Marvelous Success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. UNPARALLELED if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

PATENTS! Instructions free. Terms low. Highest references. Best services. Write at once for hand-book of information. J. B. CRALLE & CO., Washington, D. C.

Does Your HEAD-ACHE? Are You Nervous? BROMO-SELTZER IS A GUARANTEED CURE Trial Size 10c. at all Druggists or sent by mail prepaid EMERSON DRUG CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous rms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. JAN. 22.

"THE RACKET"

—IS—

Bellefonte's Bargain Store.

—o—

It is Original and a copy of no store in town.

—o—

Our town and country trade is fast increasing. We sell at one price only and that the lowest.

—o—

Kom and C us at No. 9 Crider's Exchange.

G. R. SPIGELMYER,
SHEM SPIGELMYER, Jr.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Special Notice.

As I contempleat a change in my bnsiness, by the 1st of March, I now offer my entire stock of clothing and gents furnishing goods regardless of cost. This is no hum bug, but a straigh offer.

SIMON LOEB.

Snow, snow, snow;
Wade, wade, wade,
Shovel, shovel, shovel,
The whole brigade.
Pile it high, high,
There's more in the sky, sky,
Of beautiful snow, snow,
It will come down, down,
Laugh, fret or frown, frown,
The "beautiful snow," snow.

——A big slaughter in Men's, Boy's Children's overcoats at S. Loeb's.

——James Smetzler had a severe attack of pleurisy last week.

——Shirts, underwear, hats, caps trunks and valises at cost.—S. Loeb.

—— Mr. Mowery, of this place, lost a horse on last Friday, from colic.

——Daniel Bierly, of Tylersville, dropped dead while in the office of Justice of the Peace, Benjamin Grenninger.

——The entire stock of Musser's shoe store, Bellefonte, must be sold before Feb. 1. There are bargains there.

— The *Daily News* says, Clement Dale, Esq., is building up one of the largest practices of any member of the Centre county legal profession.

——Wm. H. Runkle, jr., will sell farm implements, stock, household goods, etc., at public sale, on March 17th, preparatory to becoming a citizen of Centre Hall.

——"Potatoes are away up," says the *Daily News*. Now don't you know that expression is obsolete? Why don't you say, Potatoes have gone McKinleyward.

——Aaronsburg is billed for a musica convention, by one of the best instructors in the county, Prof. Wm. T. Meyer, of Bellefonte, commencing Feb. 19, with concerts Thursday and Friday nights.

——Willis Weber had some of his ribs broken last week by falling against the hounds of a wagon which he was endeavoring to lift, slipping on the ice threw him so as to cause the mishap.

——The little red dwelling house, formerly occupied by Yony Deininger, up town, is on its march to the far end of the town, and will be lodged on one of Deininger's lots near the station.

——Merchant Simon Harper is getting the lumber out for a new house on the Deininger lot purchased by him, adjoining Harper & Kramer's store, which will no doubt be a creditable one as he has the stamps, and be an improvement upon the little buildings heretofore on the lot.

—A Mr. Hutter, of Harrisburg, was up at Bellefonte, last week, to look up the matter of $400 for county blanks ordered by gobbler Fiedler, and which the county did not order and the which John Decker brought his foot down on big as the Seven mountains.

——Conductor Haupt is the oldest conductor on the Bald Eagle Valley railroad, and yet he looks almost as young as he did 25 years ago, when he first started in as a railroad man. The conductor's even temper and general amiability of disposition has kept him even from the appearance of growing old.

——The pile up of 12 to 15 inches of snow from 11 o'clock Saturday night until 6 o'clock Sunday morning, must have beaten the record of any snow fall, in the same period of time known to the "oldest inhabitant." We imagine it came down like the emptying of feather ticks.

——Friday evening last several of the boys of the town narrowly escaped serious injuries while coasting down the mountain road. They were on their way down while David Bradford with horse and sleigh was on his way across the mountain. Dave had driven off the road to allow the bob to pass, when the horse frightened and backed the sleigh on to the road when there was a collision, the bob striking the sleigh and and a general scattering of boys followed. The horse fell from the shock and broke the shafts while the sleigh was badly broken. The boys escaped injury.

Institute.

A Teachers' and Directors' District Institute will be held in the Lutheran church, Rebersburg, Pa., beginning Friday evening, Jan. 30th, and continue during the following day.

The district includes the townships of Gregg, Penn, Haines and Miles, and Millheim borough, but all persons interested in the welfare of our schools are cordially invited to attend. County Superintendent, Etters has expressed a willingness to be present if he can possibly do so.

D. F. Fortney, Esq., of Bellefonte, will be with us, and on Friday evening will lecture on "*Duties of School Directors.*" It is earnestly hoped that the Directors will be present the first session as Mr. Fortney has some very important things in store for them. Ex-county Superintendent Meyer, and Rev. Dotterer will also take an active part in the exercises.

Teachers and Directors, it is our Institute, and let us all attend with the determination to make it a success.

C. L. Gramley, J. C. Morris, C. R. Neff, B. F. Edmunds, W. A. Kennelly, Z. D. Thomas, W. E Keen.

Committee on Programme.

More Snow.

This may be remembered as the winter of deep snows. Last Sunday morning people awoke to find another snow fallen during the night of 10 to 12 inches in depth, and a fierce storm prevailing, causing heavy drifts, and closing the roads.

The first snow we had was about 3 inches in depth. The next was a regular old time Jacksonian, of at least 24 inches and in some localities over 30. This was followed in two weeks by 12 to 15 inches more, and on Saturday night last another of 12 to 15 inches, which put activity into the school brigade on Sunday morning.

Taken altogether we have had no less than 54 inches of snow, thus far, this winter, and the season for snow not half over yet.

It strikes the stock on hand, which did not come down last winter and winter before, is coming in now on the home stretch.

Musical Convention.

There will be a week of song in the Evangelical church at Tusseyville, beginning Monday evening, Jan. 26th, and closing Saturday evening, Jan. 31st, with two grand concerts on Friday and Saturday evenings. The convention will be conducted by Prof. E. W. Crawford, of Tusseyville, assisted on the piano by Prof. Frank Rearick, of Spring Mills, Prof. Lowell Meyer will be in attendance during the week to enliven the occasion with some of his choice selections. A pleasant time and a large attendance is anticipated. All singers are respectfully invited to be in attendance, Books and entertainment furnished free. Prices of admission. Family Tickets $1.00; Class Tickets 50 cents; Single Session 10 cents; Concerts 25 cents. Singers coming by train will be met at Centre Hall station on Monday Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons of each day by notifying the chairman, W. G, RUNKLE.

Attempted Burglary.

An attempt at robbery was made last Friday night at the grocery store of Sechler & Co., Bellefonte. The robbers entered the store by cutting out a panel of the rear door. They had drilled two holes in the safe and one had been filled with powder and set off but had failed to open the safe. This probably discouraged the thieves and fearing that the noise of the explosion would be heard outside, they fled, leaving all their tools behind them. The night clerk in the drug store next door heard the noise but thought it came from the hotel, which is in the same building. The watchman at the hotel also heard the noise, went and tried the door but hearing nothing thought he was mistaken The thieves failed to get anything of value from the store, but the safe was ruined.

Communion Services.

The Communion will be administered at Centre Hill on Sunday Feb. 1st. Preparatory service on Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, Baptisms on Saturday morning, meeting of the Session on Saturday morning. Opportunity for joining the church on Saturday morning. Special collection on Sabbath morning. Arrangements for continuing services during the coming week will be announced at the time of the meeting. All are welcome. HENRY C. BASKERVILLE.

Closing Out.

Contemplating quitting business, the firm of J. H. Musser & Son, Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, offer their entire stock of boots and shoes at less than actual cost. The stock is all new and fresh and every pair a bargain. They are bound to dispose of the stock by Feb. 1, and it will be your opportunity to buy at unprecedentedly low prices. Go at once and secure a bargain before it is too late.

— Good substantial clothing for very little money at S. Loeb's.

——Do you want hauling done for pretty nearly nothing? S. W. Smith.

——The entire stock of Musser's shoe store, Bellefonte, must be sold before Feb. 1. There are bargains there.

——Boots and shoes below actual cost at Musser's shoe store, Bellefonte. Get a bargain before it is too late.

Farmers' Institute.

A farmers' institute is in progress at Pine Grove Mills, this county. At the opening session Monday morning addresses were made upon "The Kind of a Farmer I Would Like to Be," "The Practical Farmer," and, Commercial Fertilizers," by Rev. George Elliot, Pine Grove Mills; J. K. Murray, Montour county, and Professor Frear, of Pennsylvania State College, respectively. In the afternoon some interesting points in the question box were discussed by Rev. A. L. Miller, Pine Grove Mills; Mrs. Mary A. Miller, and R. S. Searle, of Susquehanna county. W. P. Young, of Columbia county, spoke on "Economy as Applied to Farming," Ex-Auditor General J. B. Niles, of Wellsboro, discussed the question of taxation as it affects the farmers, and D. F. Fortney, of Bellefonte, closed the evening exercires with a pithy address on "Duties and Privileges of Township Officers." The institute continues on Tuesday.

Convention at Linden Hall.

Linden Hall is billed for a musical convention, commencing on Monday evening, February 2, and to continue until Saturday evening, February 7. Two grand concerts will be given on Friday and Saturday evenings, 6th and 7th. The convention will be under the able supervision of Prof. E. W. Crawford, of Tusseyville, whose musical ability is well known, assisted at the piano by Prof. Frank Rearick, of Spring Mills. Prof. Lowell Meyer, the "Sweet Singer of Israel," will be present and charm the attendance with his unique selections. Entertainment to singers from a distance will be free. A large attendance is anticipated and it will be a big week for Linden Hall. The committee on arrangements are John Ross, and Adam Zeigler, to whom all inquiries should be addressed.

Murder in Snyder.

The Sunbury *Daily* says: Shamokin Dam was the scene of another tragedy Thursday night. A dance or an amusement of some kind was being held at Aurand's Hall, and while it was in progress Adam Comfort, a boatman from Juniata county who has been residing at the Dam for some time, became violent and abusive and brandishing a revolver said he would shoot somebody. Ulysses Heiser, John Michaels and John Snyder tried to quiet him. Comfort resisted and they attempted to quiet him by force. In the melee, which followed this attempt, Comfort shot Snyder in the abdomen. Snyder died next day, and Comfort was lodged in the jail at Middleburg.

Hymen.

On Thursday last a wedding took place near Axe Man, at which a former Penns Valley young gentleman, Mr William H. Ott and Miss Belle M. Keller, were the contracting parties. There were many guests present, the wedding taking place at noon, after which an elaborate repast was served. The bride and groom received many ornamental and valuable presents. The groom is the son of Mr. James Ott, east of town and stands high in the respect of the citizens of this community. A reception was tendered the bride and groom at the home of his father on Monday evening last, and an enjoyable time was had.

Lecture.

Miss Emma Louise Parry of Cincinnati, Ohio, a highly cultivated and educated lady, will lecture in the Lutheran church, on Friday evening, February 6. Her subject will be: "Life among the Germans," describing the home, and natural life in Germany, the every day manner of living as contrasted with America. There will be an admission fee of 15 cents, children under 12 years of age 10 cents, under 6 years free. Proceeds will be used for liquidating the indebtedness yet upon the building.

More extended notices will appear in later issues of this paper.

Good Record.

Mr. A. A. Frank, secretary of the Lutheran Sunday school at Millheim presented the following annual statement of the school which is a very good record and denotes the school in a very flourishing condition, of which Mr. H. E. Duck, is Superintendent.

Number of Officers	6
.. .. Teachers	12
.. .. Scholars on roll	180
Average attendance during year	134
Collections for School purposes	$93 34
.. .. Missions, &c.	34.97

Monkeyed With a Buzz Saw.

Last week Hayes Solt, employed at Collier's saw mill, near Tusseyville, endeavored to ascertain if the saw which was in motion, was hot, by placing his hand on it, and got it into the teeth, with the result of having the ends of three last fingers on his hand neatly amputated near the first joint. Dr. Emerick was in the mill at the time of the accident and dressed the wounds.

——Call at Loeb's clothing store; examine his stock and prices.

——Do not fail to read notice and advertisement of Simon Loeb in this week's issue.

——The Philad. Branch is thoroughly reliable, and Lewins has in stock a line of clothing that leads in quality and low prices. Satisfaction always given.

Personal

—George Homan is at present in Rebersburg.

—Our Democratic friend, Jacob Neese, gave our sanctum a call.

—John H. Meyer, of Tusseyville, was one of Centre Hall's visitors on Tuesday.

—Mr. Joseph Grossman, of Tusseyville was in town Monday on business.

—Dr. Hosterman spent several days in Rebersburg and vicinity this week.

—Mr. Wm. Farner, of near Potters Mills, made us a pop visit on Tuesday morning.

—Miss Alice Hazelet, after a two weeks' visit with Mr. Wm. Wolf's, departed for her home in Williamsport on Tuesday morning.

—Mr. Wilson I. Fleming, the tailor, of Bellefonte, spent Monday night in Centre Hall. He attended Masonic lodge of which he is a member of high degree.

—Mr. Joseph Gilliland, of Potters Mills, gave us a call last week. Mr. Gilliland is one of the intelligent farmers of his section, and highly respected.

—Mr. John H. Bible, of near Centre Hill, gave us a call Monday. Mr. Bible will sell farm implements and stock at public sale on Saturday, March 7.

—Mr. Michael F. Rossman, of Tusseyville, was in town last week and paid his respects to the REPORTER office. Our latch string always hangs out to such as him.

—James Bennet, of Latrobe, Pa., arrived in town on Wednesday to see his old friends. James several years ago was employed by Andy Reesman, whose guest he is during his short visit.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Meyer, Mrs. Flora Bairfoot and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wolf attended a reception at the residence of Mr. C. M. Bower, Bellefonte, last Thursday evening.

—Mr. Uriah Fleisher, of Tusseyville, graced the REPORTER office with his presence last week. Mr. Fleisher is teaching school this winter near his section, and as a pedagogue has met with success in instructing the young.

Death of King Kalkaua.

King Kalakaua, the Hawaiian monarch, who had come to the United States a few weeks ago on a visit, died at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, on Tuesday morning, of Brights disease of the kidneys.

Kalakaua was to have returned to his kingdom this week on the United States flagship Charleston. He had returned to San Francisco last week from a trip through Southern California when he was taken ill. He was in poor health when he arrived in San Francisco some time ago, and it is believed that the banquets and receptions which he was called upon to attend caused the fatal termination of the disease.

Will be Tendered a Reception.

A meeting of the citizens of Bellefonte irrespective of party, was held in the arbitration room of the court house on Tuesday evening, at which arrangements were perfected for a big reception to Governor Beaver and General Hastings on their arrival home from Harrisburg on Thursday evening, 22d, inst. They will be met at the station by a committee and accompanied by bands of music and escorted to the court house, where the reception will be held.

Pay Your Taxes.

To those who have not as yet paid their taxes we wish to state that if not paid before February 1st, 5 per cent. additional will be charged. Saturday, Jan. 31 is the last day in which to pay them, after that day the 5 per cent. will be added. Don't neglect this or pass it over, but pay at once.

Revival.

Rev. O. Hicks this week commenced a revival in the Methodist church. The meetings are fairly well attended and we hope much good may be forthcoming from the gentlemans endeavors.

Nicely Brothers To Hang.

Governor Beaver, on Monday signed the death warrants of David and Joseph Nicely, the Somerset county murderers, who will be hanged on Thursday, Apr. 2, 1891.

——Any of our Centre county ladies who may wish to ape royalty can take their first lesson from the following item: Queen Victoria has five maids to assist at her toilet—viz, three dressers and two wardrobe women. We are told also by high authority that the senior dresser, who has been many years with her majesty, is especially charged with the task of conveying orders to different trades-people—jewelers, drapers and dressmakers; one dresser and one wardrobe woman are in constant attendance on the queen, taking alternate days. All this when the royal lady is well and in good spirits. At other times the maids are made to retire to the lower apartments and told to stay there until called for.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Farmers Mills.

George Long returned home from Altoona, Pa., recently, and intends spending the balance of the winter with his parents.

The mild winter prophets are all snowed shut, or are ashamed to come out, since our solid winter set in.

By present indications there will be a good bit of flitting about in this vicinity next spring.

Messrs J. and S. Homan attended the funeral of their cousin, John Cooney, of Coburn, at Tusseyville last week.

Mrs. Mary Grimes, of Millheim, and Mrs. Sinkenbinder, of Clearfield, were visiting relatives here recently.

George Miess had auction several times recently and intends having on next Saturday afternoon and evening. He will remove the balance of his goods to the Loop, in the near future.

The protracted meeting is still in progress but will likely soon close.

The appointment of Robert Hunter, as commissioners' clerk proved more satisfactory, about here, than if one of our Republican heelers and betrayers of pure Democracy, who have audacity to ask to be rewarded with the best appointments of the Democratic party, had been placed there. It may have been a disappointment to the Bloomsburg student, who was engaged to become the successor of the "all right" applicant.

Madisonburg.

Every person was busy shoveling snow last Sunday morning.

George Wise and wife, S. B. Shafer and family were visiting at Frank Yearicks on Sunday.

We are sorry to state that Miss Ida Ocker is on the sick list.

Rev. Aurand of this place is having a protracted meeting at Rebersburg.

Miss Bertha Fiedler, Sadie Ocker and Cora Gettig have gone to the convention in Penn Hall.

The Orchestra of this place is in full boom again, they met at L. B. Stovers residence on last Saturday evening, there were about twenty five young ladies and gentlemen present. The boys played some of their choice selections George Wise, the jolly fellow who plays first violin also sang some of his comic songs, which were pleasing to all. Mr. Stover treated the boys to some of his best cigars and the ladies to candy, etc. The Orchestra has an invitation to go to Logansville to play for a dance, they expect a good time.

There will be a good deal of moving done in town. George says: Ich blib net un won ich woona kun far nix.

——The Philad Branch is thoroughly reliable, and Lewins has in stock a line of clothing that leads in quality and low prices. Satisfaction always given.

At this season of the year when malaria lurks in the air, and bad colds not an unfrequent visitor we long for a quick and effective remedy. There is scarcely a home without a sufferer from some one of the many ills flesh is heir to." A stimulant is after the intermediator. It is quick and effective. It brings relief and saves doctor bills. We can recommend Mr. Max Klein for anything in the liquor line. His Sliver Age Rye at $1.50 per quart is the best whiskey in the market. He will sell any Pennsylvania Rye Whiskey, six year old at $100 for each quart, or six for $5.00. Send for his price list and catalogue and mention this paper. Address. MAX KLEIN,
82 Federal st., Allegheny, Pa.

ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.

Office of the Farmer's Mutual Fire Ins. Co. of Centre Co., Pa.

CENTRE HALL, Jan. 12, 1891.—In compliance with the provisions of their charter; the Thirty-Third Annual Statement of the transactions of the company is hereby presented.

ASSETS.

Bills receivable being premium notes due and payable by members for insurance the past year		$ 14 120 72
Cash premiums		714 19
Cash in the treasury		11 63
Making the total available assets of the past year		14 846 54

EXPENSES.

Compensation of Directors	$ 124 38	
Salary of Secretary	125 00	
Salary of Treasurer	50 00	
Printing, office rent, postage and stationary	76 83	
State Ins. Report	5 00	
Election board	4 00	
Ettinger note and in'rest	1221 03	
W. R Alexander	263 47	
H. A. Eider, loss	18 00	
Martz Heirs, loss	20 00	
T. F. Williams, loss	5 33	
B. F. Erankenberger on loss	475 00	
Total assets and funds of the Company the past year less expenses		12 733 50
To which add notes of 1886, '7, '8 and '9		85 522 72
Amounting to		98 256 22
Minus cancelations		3 405 46
Leaving the available assets in force this day		94 850 76
Insurance taken the past year	177 464 00	
To which add insurances of 1886, '7, '8 and '9	975 356 39—1	152 820 39
Minus cancelations		36 325 67
Making insurances in force		1 116 484 72

LIABILITIES.

Francis L. Weaver	54 56	
C. W. Hosterman	84 00	
J. A. Slack	87 60	
W. F. Reynolds	120 00	
Phoebe Grenoble	43 00	
Balance due B. F. Frankenbarger on barn	525 00	
Total amount of liabilities		913 56
Amount outstanding		337 97

At a meeting held the same day the following directors were chosen for the ensuing year; J. B. Fisher, Jacob Bottorf, Fred Kurtz, Samuel G. Slack, S. J. Herring, Daniel Brumgart, Samuel Gramley, Wm. McFarlane, H. C. Campbell, J. G. Bailey, H. E. Duck and J. H. Musser.

The board thereupon organized by electing the following officers:

President, Fred Kurtz.
Vice President, S. J. Herring.
Treasurer. Wm. Wolf.
Secretary, D. F. Luse.

FRED KURTZ,
President.

Attest:
D. F. Luse, Sec'y.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE—BY VIRTUE OF an order of the Orphans' Court of Centre co., there will be exposed at public sale, at Centre Hall, the following described real estate of Mrs. Flora I. O'Boyle, dec'd., on

o——o SATURDAY, JAN. 31, 1891, o——o

At 1 o'clock, all that certain messuage tenement and lot of ground situated in the borough of Centre Hall, Centre co. Pa., bounded on the north by lands of John Neff and Jacob From, on the east by an alley and on the south and west by Penn. avenue and lands of Elizabeth Love and Jacob Ripka, containing

)——(3½ ACRES,)——(

more or less. Thereon erected a

— DWELLING HOUSE, TANNERY, STABLE —

and other outbuildings, with a lot of choice fruit

TERMS.—⅓ cash on confirmation of sale; ⅓ in one year, and balance in two years with interest, the deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises Bond filed in Bedford co. Pa. ROBERT O'BOYLE,
Administrator.

HOMESTEAD FOR SALE OR RENT.—THE undersigned offers a desirable homestead for sale, consisting of 35 acres of land of which 25 acres are good young timber. Thereon a plank frame house, bank barn, with other outbuildings, choice fruit and excellent water, adjoins the Heckman farm west of Centre Hall, on the old Lewistown road leading to the pike. Apply or address,
W. W. HORNER,
Centre Hall.

SHERIFF'S SALES!—BY VIRTUE OF SUNdry writs of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, to me directed, will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, Centre County, on Saturday, the 31st day of January, 1891, the following property, viz:

All those three certain tracts or parcels of land situated at Coburn, in Penn township, Centre county, Pa.

One thereof bounded on the east by land of Jacob Ecert's estate, on the west by land of Henry Feidler, on the north by land of Andrew Stover's heirs, and on the south by lands of Adam Kerstetter, containing eleven acres more or less.

Another thereof bounded on the north by public road, on the east by land of Jacob Ecert's estate, on the south by land of Meyer and Motz, and on the west by land of Samuel Eisenhuth, containing one-fourth of an acre more or less, thereon erected a story and a half dwelling house and other outbuildings.

And the other thereof bounded on the east by Pine Creek, on the south by an alley, on the west by lot of Susan Eisenhuth, and on the north by other land of the defendant, containing one-fourth of an acre more or less. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Daniel Eisenhuth.

ALSO

All that certain piece of land situated in Spring township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, Beginning at a post on west side of extension on Allegheny street leading as such street is now fenced off 40 feet north of line of E. J. Emery and at corner of lot of S. M. Buck, thence in a westerly direction 200 feet more or less to an alley, between the herein described lot and lands of Robert Valentine, thence in a westerly direction along said alley 40 feet to other lands of S. M. Buck, thence in an easterly direction along line of said lot 200 feet more or less to said extension of Allegheny street, thence in a southerly direction along said street 200 feet to the place of beginning, being about 40 feet on said street, and extending back 200 feet to an alley. Thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of W. H. Saunders. Sale to commence at 1.30 o'clock p. m. of said day.

Notice:—No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money is paid in full.

Sheriff's Office, WM. A. ISHLER,
Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE OF A WRIT of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, to me directed, will be exposed at public sale at the court house, in the borough of Bellefonte, on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, A. D. 1891,

the following property, viz:

All that certain messuage tenement and lot of ground situate in the Borough of Bellefonte, Centre County, Penna., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post on Dunlap Street, a corner of lot of Isaac Haupt, thence along Dunlap Street, South 1 degree, West, 7⅝ perches to post, thence South 48 degrees, East 5 perches, to post in dam, Hale & Co. Spring Creek, thence down Spring, North 17 degrees, East 9¼ perches to lot of P. G. Meek, thence in a Westerly direction along lot of P. G Meek, D. G. Bush and Isaac Haupt, 7 10 perches to the place of beginning, containing about 42¼ perches Thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house, frame foundry machine shop, blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, and other out buildings.

Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of H. K. Hicks. Sale to commence at 1.30 o'clock, P. M. of said day.

TERMS—No deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money be paid in full.

WILLIAM A, ISHLER,
Sheriff's Office Bellefonte, } Sheriff,
Pa., Jan. 5, A. D, 1891. }

COURT PROCLAMATION.—WHEREAS THE Honorable A. O. Furst, President of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Honorable Thomas M. Riley and Honorable Daniel Rhoads, Associate Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date the 2nd day of January, 1891, to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre and to commence on the 4th Monday of January, the 26th day of January, 1891, and to continue two weeks, notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the 26th, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 5th day of January, in the year of our Lord, 1891, and the one hundred and fourteenth year of the Independence of the United States.

WM. A. ISHLER,
Sheriff.

CAUTION—HAVING PURCHASED AT CONstable's sale the following: 1 Sorrel horse, 7 head young cattle, 3 cows, 2 heifers, 2 steers, 1 two horse wagon, 1 hay rake, 1 reaper, 1 black mare, spring wagon, hay rope, pulleys, plow, sled, corn planter, ⅝ of 16 acres of grain in the ground, 9 hogs, all house furniture, poultry, corn, and all defendants personal property. These goods were bought at constable's sale and will be left in care of Alvin Stump, all persons are cautioned against meddling with same.

JERRY SNAVELY.
C. P. LONG.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS TESTAmentary on the estate of Samuel E. Sparr, dec'd., late of Harris township, having been granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

DANIEL HESS, Executor.
15dec6t Linden Hall.

We pay Salary

and expenses to LIVE AGENTS men or women. No drones wanted. Work steady year round and cash weekly. Good pay for part time. Fine outfit free. Experience not needed Send references and stamp at once. J. EUGENE WHITNEY, Rochester, N. Y.

This firm is perfectly responsible. 1 dec 6m

:o:

Purse Setts, Manicure and Toilet Cases, Photograph, Letter and Card Cases, Pin Cushion Frames, Bureau, Side Board and Stand Covers, Fur and Plush Capes, Ladies' Coats from $3 to $10. Serges, Surrah and Dress Cloths, Henriettas, make lovely Christmas presents. Nothing makes a mother happier than an elegant Henrietta dress.

Fire Screen, Umbrella Stands, Handkerchief Cases, Cups and Saucers. A beautiful Muff in a dozen styles of fur. Fur Trimming, Silk Beaver and Feather Trimming.

GARMANS.

Bellefonte.

:o: